

THE *W. C. Grou*
TRAGEDY
OF
King HENRY IV.
OF
FRANCE:

As it is Acted
By His Majesty's Servants.

By Mr. BECKINGHAM. *K*

Tantane RELIGIO *potuit suadere Malorum?*

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N,

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1872

THE
TRAGEDY

OF

KING HENRY IV.

OF

THE NEWCASTLE

As it is acted

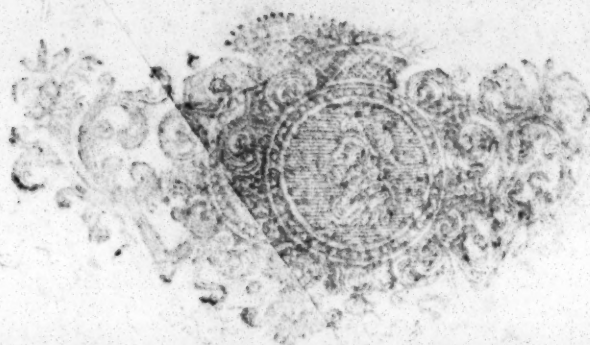
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By Mr. H. A. M.



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The Second Edition



LONDON

Printed for E. Currier next the Royal-Exchange
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in the Strand, and J. Brotherton at the
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TO THE
Right Honourable
CHARLES
Earl of *Sunderland.*

MY LORD,

THE Tragedy of King
HENRY the Fourth
of *France* waited till
your Lordship's Return to
A 3 *England*

England for its proper Patron.

PERSONS in your Lordship's Eminent Station, Persons intrusted with the Management of Publick Affairs, on whom both the Honour of their Prince, and the Interest of their Fellow-Subjects inseparably depend, have but few Ways of being approached to by the inferior Class of Mankind, or receiving those publick Acknowledgments, which not to make; that same Happiness, which we so sensibly derive

derive from their Conduct, would be the means to upbraid us with the utmost Ingratitude: Poetry alone is exempted from that Difficulty of Access, and makes its way to an AUGUSTUS or a MÆCENAS with a Freedom peculiar to itself alone: It is the Mouth of the People, and searches after Merit, under whatever envious Veils of Modesty and Honest Virtue it may industriously be concealed. Custom, my Lord, must be my Excuse for this present Intrusion; LIBERTY is my Theme, and a

PA-

viii *The Dedication.*

PATRIOT must be my PATRON.

THE Hero of this Piece is a MONARCH, the darling Subject of Modern History; who was an Assertor of the Freedom of his Country, who struggled several Years against a Rebellious Headstrong Faction, that opposed their own Felicity, out of an obstinate Principle and Resolution to oppose his Government. He broke through a *League*, as intricately woven as the *Gordian Knot*, pushed on by one Great

Great Enterprize to another, rather through a generous Ambition to make that Empire he contested for, Happy, than any Thirst of Revenge, to let loose those Reins of Absolute Power, the Possession of that Monarchy gave him an opportunity of doing. When at the Height of Empire, tho he ruled with all the Moderation and Equity of a Good King, and a True Father of his Country; yet even then, those snarling Sons of Faction, like *Israel's* stubborn Race, denied their Benefactor, and
a spurned

spurned at the Blessings they enjoyed.

Will not the World be before-hand with me in the Application, and bring the Parallel down very near to our own Times? Indeed the Similitude would not be much amiss; but Thanks to Heaven, the most melancholy part of that History is not accomplished in *England*.

AND now I am sure I can offend none but your Lordship, by Congratulating
our

our Country in being blessed
with so zealous a Patriot,
who has bore so Large and
Honourable a Share in dissi-
pating those Storms which
have threatned *England* with
a Blow no less fatal than
that, which *France* mourned
in the Death of her **HENRY**
the Great. I am,

MY LORD,

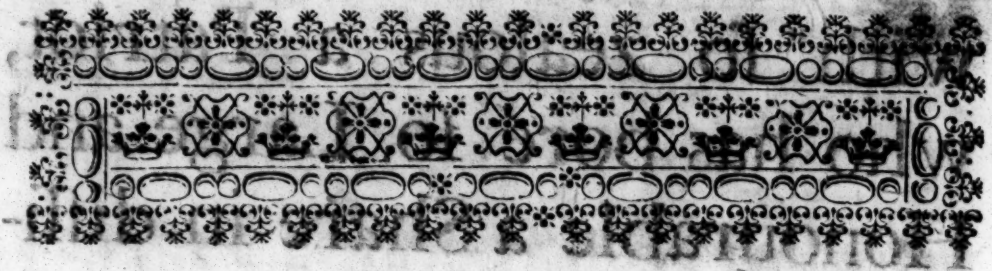
With the Profoundest Respect,

Your Lordship's most Obedient

Humble Servant,

Charles Beckingham.

Our Country in being blessed



patting those storms which

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.



*HY should the Muse in every Subject raise
The half-forgotten Chiefs of distant Days?
Why should she boast, their Successors to shame
With Caesar's Feats, or Alexander's Name?
When Deeds as great our modern Annals own,
Trace all their several Glories join'd in one.
Our Author's Scenes from France their Hero bring,
To shew the Perfect-Model of a King;
A Monarch, who from no fantastick Brain
Plann'd the dull Pleasures of a Pageant Reign;
Who knew the Power of Empire, and the Weight,
Knew to be greatly Good, as well as Great;
Disdain'd Unbounded Sway, content to see
Himself with Joy Obey'd, his People Free;
More proud o'er Souls of Liberty to reign,
Than such as court the Whip, or hug the Chain:*

Charles Beckingham

And

PROLOGUE.

xiii

And yet (Oh constant Fate of Men too Good !)

Embitter'd Faction scented HENRY's Blood.

Who knows not ? too——too well their Plot succeeds ;

Religion is the Cry——and HENRY bleeds.

Wretched that Realm, so much by Factions crost,

That the Divinity of Kings is lost !

When Subjects shall audacious Schemes advance !

Britain has felt its Woes——as well as France.

Think not from Party-Scenes we form a View,

We only dare to shew you what is true ;

What Lengths ill-tutor'd Principles may run,

When by one Bigot Wretch an Empire was undone.



EPI-

(xiv)



EPILOGUE;

By Mr. SEWELL:

Spoken by Mrs. BULLOCK.



*F all INVASIONS in the present Age,
None have prov'd worse than those upon the Stage;
Where little Rebels still have made pretence
To ruin Learning, and to banish Sense:
With Priestly Zeal, tho shame'd in their Designs,
They fire again, like Alberoni's Mines.*

*First then, for honest Satire now begins
With a black Catalogue of all your Sins,
A Troop of French last Season won your Hearts,
Listing, like Falstaff's Men, in hopes of Shirts.
The Tumbling Rout and Scaramouch remov'd,
The Masquerade your Better Parts improv'd;
A Scene of Mysteries, where Nymph at Spark
Might level blindfold,—and yet hit her Mark:*

EPILOGUE.

XV

*As in the Sabine Days the Roman-Fair
Was but a Plot to scramble for good Ware;
This politick Invention seems the same,
Where various Poachers spring their various Game.
How oft with Spouse has met unknowing Cit,
Both Parties satisfy'd, yet both been bit?
So much by Ignorance your Flames improve,
And all Disguises are but Whets to Love.
How much more finely your Intrigues are laid?
Since Jove began the Masquerading Trade;
He chose, impolitick, the Husband's Shape;
Were Moderns to do so,—^t must be a Rape.
Pray what Inventions next your Minds engage,
To steal your Gold, and wean you from the Stage?
Shall dear, dear Harlequin from France return,
And in low Farce for Paint and Ruffles burn?
No, hark! another Foreign Note I hear,
Italian Nonsense trickles thro my Ear!
Behold unnumber'd Beaus and Ladies flock!
Subscribe, as if to Mississippi-Stock.
Go on, and make your English Maxim known;
Bubbles to every Country but your own.*



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Henry, King of France.</i>	<i>Mr. Quin.</i>
Prince of <i>Conde</i> , privately married to <i>Charlotta</i> .	<i>Mr. Ryan.</i>
Duke of <i>Vendosme</i> , Natural Son to the King;	} Friends, and both in love with <i>Louisa</i> .
Duke <i>Boiillon</i> ;	
<i>Villeroy</i> , <i>Rosny</i> ,	} Courtiers, and Loyal to the King.
<i>Montmorency</i> , Father to <i>Charlotta</i> .	
The Pope's Nuntio;	} Conspirators against the King.
A French Bi- shop;	
<i>Ravilliac</i> , an Enthusiastick Desperate Youth, employ'd by the Priests to murder the King.	<i>Mr. Egleton.</i>
<i>Rosine</i> , a Creature of the Prince of <i>Conde</i> .	
<i>Le Brosse</i> , an Astrologer.	
Priests.	

W O M E N.

<i>Charlotta</i> , married to the Prince of <i>Conde</i> , but beloved by, and in love with the King.	<i>Mrs. Bullock.</i>
<i>Louisa</i> , in love with the Duke of <i>Vendosme</i> .	<i>Mrs. Biggs.</i>
<i>Alicia</i> , Confidant to <i>Charlotta</i> .	<i>Mrs. Gulick.</i>

Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *The Court at Paris,*



[I] The
Of all your passions in the heart of old
No further to follow: I have the world's wonder

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HENRY IV. of France.

Of the middle of the French Republic
On his last day
And change of power
The middle of the French Republic
Who first of his French Republic
Suggest in his heart to the French Republic
Influence, I have taken from the French Republic



ACT I. SCENE I.

Vendosme, Villeroy, Rosny.

Vend.



LOOK back, ye sage Recorders of
past Times,
On all your mouldy Chronicles of
Fame,
On States that flourish'd Ages far
remote,
And Kings that govern'd Empires now in Dust;
Search your vast Annals o'er, and blush to find,
B Of

The Tragedy of

Of all your boasted fav'rite Chiefs of old,
No Parallel to *Henry*: *Henry*, the World's Wonder,
The Star that gilds the *Gallick* Sky, the Dread
Of other Climes, and Glory of his own.

Vill. Worthily nam'd *The Great*: in every Work,
The Duty of a King, this Monarch bears
The just Pre-eminence, still standing forth
In Godlike Action first, whether in Arms
Furious he rushes to the Front of Battle,
And chains obedient Conquest to his Sword;
Or on his happy Subjects largely showers
The milder Trophies of a peaceful Reign.

Rosny. Yet are there those, those Venom of a State,
Church-Vipers, ever sure to spite the Best,
Who strike at his Prerogative, and dare
Suggest ill Notions to the cheated Croud,
Insinuate, Heresy takes growth too fast,
Favour'd by *Henry*, and the few Remains
Of extirpated *Hugonots*. Oh Heaven!
Where would this restless Arbitrary Crew
Of Soul-enslaving Hypocrites drive on
Their bloody Tyrant-Principles of Faith?
What glorious Victims of poor martyr'd Reason,
Would these ambitious pious Butchers pay
To Superstition, Ignorance, and Pride,
Were there not some in Power, ay some endu'd
With freeborn Souls, and charitable Hearts,
That durst so well employ the Godlike Trust,
As to prescribe these Gownmen proper Bounds,
And curb the holy persecuting Spirit?

Vend. Well hast thou touch'd, *Rosny*, the Curse of
And the severer Malady of *France*. [Nations,
E'en thro the Heart and Bowels of our Kingdom,
The spreading Poison works its furious way:
With Grief of Heart, the Royal *Henry* sees,
Amidst the Height of Triumphs and Rejoicings,
For Wars, concluded at the Victor's Terms,

And

HENRY IV. of France.

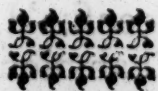
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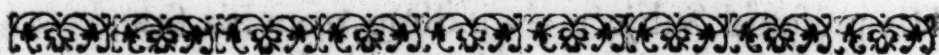
And Peace, the sweet Results of past Success,
His poison'd Subjects dwindling from his side,
And Pulpits bellowing Venerable Lyes
Against the Power that conquer'd to protect them.

Vill. Nor stops their Malice there, nor rest the
Content to wound him in his Publick State; [Priests
But in the more retired Scenes of Life,
In private Jarrings and domestick Feuds,
'The chief Contrivers and Fomenters They.
Basely to irritate the jealous Queen,
His every Action is set forth to light
With false Remarks, and aggravated Blackness;
His Gallantries, his Loves, or slight Intrigues,
Bear the worst Comment Envy's curst Invention
Can brand the Royal Name with, vilely term'd
Debaucheries and Lust.

Rosny. 'Tis true, he bears
A Breast, that steel'd to every Wound beside,
'To Love and Beauty's earliest Summons yields :
But yet, tho for a while he gives a loose
'To each rebellious Faculty of Love,
He can at will retract the slacken'd Reins,
Mount from the downy Joy to Empire's Height,
And bravely summon back the Monarch's Soul;
As if he made those Passions serve as Shades,
To set the nobler Actions of his Life
Out to a fuller Light, and shew Mankind,
That as he rules the Tributary Globe,
With equal Power of Soul he rules himself.
But see the haughty Prelate, and the Pope's
Remarking Nuntio; this way they seem bent :
Let us avoid their Church-Dissimulation.

[*Exeunt.*





SCENE II.

Bishop and Nuntio.

Bish. **I** Have perus'd the Grievances set forth
 In your Commission from the Holy See;
 And trust me, Brother, with a Churchman's Heart,
 A warm resenting Heart, ay such a one,
 As *Rome* when injur'd gives her great Avengers.

Nunt. Strikes it not deeply on a Churchman's Soul,
 To see the mightiest Attribute he boasts,
 Infallibility, so slightly made of,
 Exploded by a Lay Self-judging Crew,
 The holy darling Sweets of Priesthood lost;
 Authority, Authority and Profit,
 That ought to lift us up above the Run
 Of common Men, dismembred from our Office?
 Would it not call for Vengeance up in Stones?
 Shall we be then inanimate and mute,
 Senseless of Wrongs, unactive in Revenge?
 We must, we will redress it; and by Means
 That shall effect the Remedy or soon,
 Or plunge all *Europe* in the general Ruin.

Bish. Spoke with the Spirit of a Son of *Rome*!
 Oh how it warms these winter wither'd Veins,
 Glads this old Heart, that droop'd e'en to Despair
 At the malignant Injuries our Church,
 And we, its Venerable Chiefs, endure;
 The Innovations this pernicious Weed
 Of Heresy, this Thinking Reasoning Tribe
 Makes day by day uncensur'd, unprov'd;
 To see we yet have Champions like thy self,
 Unshock'd aspiring Souls, that dare stand up

HENRY IV. of France.

In brave Defiance to a Rebel Age. [through,

Nunt. The State is sick, corrupted through and
Whilst from the Head the Malady proceeds:
Say we not then, since we have trac'd the Source,
To stop the Progress of the growing Ill,
The Cure must be attempted on the Head?

Bish. Thy Words too plainly intimate thy Thoughts,
And bear the Truth and Anguish of thy Soul,
I join in thy Opinion, as I swear
By all that Priests hold dearest, Wealth and Power,
By all the Hopes and Sweetness of Revenge,
To join in any Enterprize propos'd,
To raise the Priestly Honour, and to cut
From Earth, Top, Root, and Branch, this Rival Sect.

Nunt. What honest zealous Catholick reflects,
But with the strongest Violence of Joy,
On that for ever memorable Day,
When at this *Henry's* Wedding, by the Sword
Of Pious Leaguers, at one destin'd Hour,
Two Hundred Thousand of this cursed Race
Met with a glorious unexpected Banquet,
Lay drunk and floating in each other's Blood,
One common Victim to the Rage of *Rome*?

Bish. O Heart-reviving Scene! O great Remem-
Such ever be the Doom, and such the Fate [brance!
Of that impassive, that repugnant Tribe
Of unconforming Hereticks, who dare
Set up malignant Notions of their own,
And whom our injur'd Church marks out for Ven-
Oh! to compleat the Fortune of that Day, [geance:
Conclude their Ruin, and our own Revenge,
At what a Price, what Hazard would I purchase
A new, like that, auspicious bloody Hour,
To make the Holy Massacre entire,
And sweep away the Gleanings of the last!

Nunt. Rightly observ'd, and piously resolv'd;
There must be yet a second Day of Vengeance,

As

As well prepar'd and bloody as the first,
 Where (curst Oversight of credulous Pity!)
 This perjur'd *Henry*, this Apostate King,
 Vow'd with a feign'd Remorse, and faithless Heart,
 An unincere Conversion to our Church;
 And thus (Oh damn'd successful Artifice!)
 Surviv'd the Fate and Slaughter of the Day.
 Yet will we drive him to the Verge of Fate,
 High as he stands in Empire, strongly fenc'd
 By a successive Chain of prosperous Guilt,
 Dreadless of Harm, and in himself secure,
 Him with the Refuse of his Tribe devote,
 A bloody grateful Sacrifice to *Rome*:
 Thus all our dreaded Injuries atone,
 Prevent the future, and revenge the past. [vance

Bish. Since thus our Thoughts are mutual to ad-
 Our mutual Interests, and the Church's Power,
 Here break we off, to some more safe Retreat,
 Where Plots take birth, and deep-laid Treasons thrive;
 There in the friendly Gloom of secret Night,
 Concert secure this holy Grand Affair.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.

Charlotta and Alicia.

Ali. IT must not be; this melancholy Mien,
 This inauspicious Countenance of Sorrow,
 But ill becomes the Prince of *Conde's* Bride,
 Now at those Minutes, when each happier Thought
 Should teem with greedy Hopes of promis'd Trans-
 port,
 Each Look, each Feature speak the Soul's Content,
 Put

Put on the most inviting Form of Love,
To welcome and receive th'expected Joy.

Char. That Joy, *Alicia*, is for them alone,
Whom Providence points out the happy Pair,
Where mutual Passions in one Current join,
Where of itself, unbias'd, unconstrain'd,
Almighty Love the faithful Union ties,
Transmits to each kind Breast its social Heats,
One Heart, one Soul, one Thought, and one Desire:
This, my *Alicia*, this is Joy indeed;
Such Joy, alas! as I must never hope.
If a vast Hoard of ever-springing Sweets,
Is the blest Portion of the Bridal Bed;
Such is the cruel Doom of Heaven and Fate,
A bitter Hoard of Wretchedness is mine,
Wedded to Pomp, yet wedded to Despair.

Ali. These are indeed the 'Plainings of Despair,
Accents of Woe; but Accents suiting ill
Charlotta's better State, and whiter Hours.
Forgive me, Madam, why do you withdraw,
With sullen Aspect, and with grief-swoln Heart,
From all the Pomp and Pleasures of the Court,
Th'Amusements of Society and Mirth,
To mingle with Affliction, and indulge
Unnecessary Thoughts, and causeless Sorrows?

Char. Beware, beware, nor aggravate my Madness,
Nor drive me by Reflection to explore
Too deep the burning Anguish of my Heart.
Hah! didst thou call them causeless? But to thee,
Unconscious of the Smart, they may indeed
Seem causeless and unnecessary too,
But I will tell thee, for I think thou'rt faithful.
No, rather let me bury in this Breast,
From thee, and all the busy censuring World,
The curs'd Heart-stabbing Cause, that on this Day,
This Day of Marriage, that should ever be
Sacred to Mirth, and set apart for Joy,

With

With furious Grievs engrosses all my Soul,
And turns me loose amidst a Hell of Horrors.

Ali. Then if *Alicia* ever yet was thought
Worthy, to bear a pleasant social Share,
Thro every gayer Scene of kinder Fate,
Now, Madam, make me Partner of the bad,
Leave me not out a Stranger to your Sorrows;
Disclose the Cause, that I may know to cure,
Or learn at least to grieve and mourn like you.

Char. 'Tis kind, *Alicia*: yes, I will to thee,
Tho neither thou, nor I, nor all the World,
Nor Reason's Virtue, nor Physician's Skill,
Can bring me Aid; yes, to thy faithful Breast
I will unbosom all the horrid Load,
And in the sad Narration find a short
Delusive slight Amusement from my Pain.

Oh *Henry!* *Henry!* —

Ali. Heavens! does she name the King? [*France*]

Char. The King — the Great, the Godlike King of
The foremost Champion in the Field of War,
The brightest Courtier, and the softest Lover,
That ever prostrate bow'd to Beauty yet.

Ali. Where can this end? What means this frantic Grief?

Char. Yes, him; this King, a hundred hundred times
Have I beheld with Pity, Pride, and Joy,
With bended Knee, and supplicating Tears,
In short-breath'd Accents of impatient Love,
Adore these deify'd, now wretched Charms,
And languish for a Smile.

Ali. Alas! what Hopes
Could you propose from this Great Monarch's Love?

Char. Hopes I had none, nor ever durst receive
The flattering Thought of unexpected Bliss:
'Tis true, for sure our Passions are no Sins,
Or if they are, what Virtue can prevent
The furious Struggles of inclining Nature?

So well, so long he pleaded, that his Love
 Rais'd by degrees an equal Warmth in me :
 From hence *Charlotta's* Misery dates its birth ;
 Both lov'd, both wish'd, yet sentenc'd to Despair :
 So far unknowing what it did, my Soul
 Harbour'd the dangerous Guest, the Royal Foe :
 But when he farther press'd his fatal Suit,
 Then Modesty and Honour were my Guards ;
 I vow'd in presence of the raging King,
 I never would admit the impious Joy.

Ali. Oh what a Train of Woes have you prepar'd !
 Why, conscious that your Heart was thus dispos'd,
 Would you consent to give the Prince your Hand ?

Char. That, that's the Curse that hangs upon my Soul,
 Upbraids my lawless Thoughts, and guilty Heart.
 What could I do ? a hapless Wretch I stood,
 Drove out from Hope, from Anchor, and from Shore,
 Of Conduct void, and destitute of Friends,
 My Mind at war, my Passions all my Foes ;
 What then could I decline, or what resolve ?
 Once to myself I swore, (Oh dire Remembrance !
 Since I so soon have violated all
 The sacred Obligation) tho harsh Laws
 And Honour's rigid Rules forbad the rest,
 Still to preserve my Virgin Heart the King's,
 And since it was not doom'd that I should live
 Enjoy'd by him, die unenjoy'd at all.

Ali. But since at last Necessity demands
 A just Obedience to your present Fate,
 Make use of the Occasion that presents
 The happy Means of Freedom and Content.

Char. Mistaken Notion ! that can never be :
 What, change a fierce Antipathy to Love ?
 Turn Chains to Freedom, Sorrow to Content ?
 Bid me extract from mortal Poison Life,
 Make Time roll back, and Seasons past return,
 Give Laws to Seas, to Winds, or Beasts of Prey ;

Far less Impossibilities than that.
 Content is lost to me, let me prepare
 To welcome Misery in its highest Pomp :
 Could Providence stand pitiless, and see
 A rigid Father with a Tyrant-Frown,
 On pain of Disobedience, and the Threats
 Of a Paternal Curse and Exile Fate,
 Awe his devoted Daughter to a Match
 Adverse to Choice, to Nature, or to Love?

Ali. Yet howsoe'er your discontented Heart
 Brooks this unequal Match, it much behoves
 That you confine your secret Murm'ring there,
 And well disguise your outward Form with Shews
 Of false Affection and dissembled Gladness:
 What may the Prince conclude, when once he finds,
 Instead of willing Charms and blending Love,
 A mourning Comfort and a Bed of Tears?

Char. For pity urge no more the shocking Subject ;
 The Prince is loving, generous, and great,
 And well deserving of a better Wife ;
 But we were never pair'd for one Embrace.
 Oh Virtue ! Virtue cannot say I err,
 Is it my Crime our Souls do not agree,
 Nor our Affections meet ? let Heaven that saw,
 And, not preventing, seal'd the fatal Marriage,
 Stamp it no Crime, or make that Crime its own.
 But hold, my Lord, the Prince of Conde waits,
 And a Bride's Duty summons me away,
 To false distasteful Joys and glittering Woe.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

SCENE IV.

The King, Duke of Vendosme, Bouillon, Villeroy, Rosny, Pope's Nuntio, and Bishop.

King. **T**HESE the Resolves of Council, in reply
To his ill-grounded Jealousies, return
With duteous Reverence, and with kingly Greeting
To the great Head, and Father of our Church.
The Grievances he mentions are too slight,
Unworthy of our Caution or our Dread,
Rather on false Insinuations rais'd,
Unjust *Chimeras* of a Bigot Mind,
Than any threatening Cloud of real Ill:
The Enemies he points at are suppress'd,
Crush'd with a Victor-Hand, and bridled hard;
Each but suspected *Hugonot* depriv'd
Of Means, Support, Alliances, or Power,
To make a second Head, or new Attempt
Against Ourselves, our Empire, or our Church,
His Goods sequestred, and his Conscience tax'd.

Nunt. Yet must our Church complain, and justly too,
Of bad Administration from the Hands
Of some corrupted bias'd Men in Power,
Who too remissly partial, ill observe
To put in proper Force the Penal Laws:
These are the Foes we dread, and such there are,
Strong in the Favour of your Royal Ear,
The Chief in Council, and the first in Trust.

King. Hah! here is Priestly Insolence indeed!

Does your Commission run so far as this,
 To challenge me, my Council, and my Friends,
 All in the List of sentenc'd Hereticks,
 Foes to the Church, and Traytors to the State?
 Have I through War's Fatigues, thro Fields of Blood,
 Thro a long Series of approv'd Success,
 Cut out my dangerous Passage to the Throne,
 Tho League on League was form'd to bar my Way,
 Mounted with Laurel to the Royal Height,
 To wield at last a Tributary Sceptre,
 Dependant on a Tribe of saucy Priests?

Nunt. Your Majesty misconstrues my Intent,
 And does my true and honest Meaning wrong.

King. No, subtle Gownman, hood-wink'd as you
 Blind at this Height, I see into you all; [think me,
 I know your Talents, Passions, and Designs,
 Your Views, your Malice, Arrogance, and Pride,
 Your Thirst for Power, and Itch of Persecution:
 But you shall find no Pageant-Tool in me,
 To take your idle Quarrels on myself,
 And perpetrate the Mischiefs you contrive.

Rosny. Now when the Sword is sheath'd, the World
 With jealous Wonder, and a rival Dread, [surveys
 Our Nation from the Heat of Party-Rage,
 The Wounds of Faction, and a Civil Sword,
 Rais'd by a Gracious Monarch's sovereign Balm,
 Strong from their Wounds, and mighty from Despair,
 High as young *Scipio* rais'd the *Roman* State,
 When Loss on Loss, Defeat upon Defeat,
 And *Canna's* Slaughter made their Bulwark shake,
 Their Rival Empire nod, each Heart grow faint,
 Their Counsels waver, and their Armies droop:
 Who dares foment, when *Henry* thus declines
 To kindle dying Embers to new Rage,
 And bids the Sword of Persecution sleep?

King. Yes, these grave Cheats, these holy Fire-
 brands here,

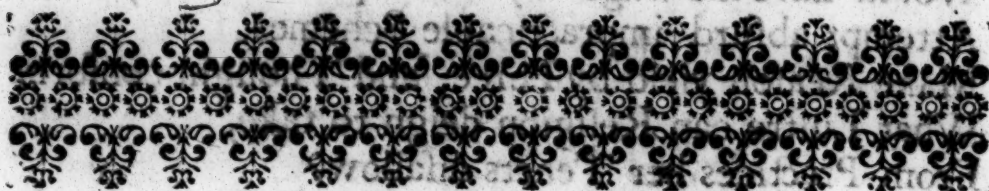
HENRY IV. of France. 13

To keep the Edge of Discord still unsheath'd,
 Would have me wage my War upon Mens Minds,
 Attempt absurd impracticable Schemes,
 Make Reason yield by Force, and Thought conform.
 What Lustre can Religion deign to take,
 From Practices her Tenets disallow?
 Those may use Terrors, who distrust their own
 Illegal Conduct, and a murmuring Land,
 Whilst *Henry* aims to make his Subjects his,
 By Choice, not Dread; free Love, and not Regret.

Let other Monarchs make their Actions shown
 In brazen Columns, or recording Stone;
 Let for a while the Pageant Figures stand
 Proud in the Labour of the Sculptor's Hand;
 By nobler Means would I survive in Fame,
 On more substantial Pillars grave my Name;
 Be this the deathless Pyramid I raise,
 My Country's Blessings, and my People's Praise.
[*Exeunt.*]



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Dukes of Vendosme and Bouillon,
meeting each other.*

Vend. **E**ncountred well, and happily, my Friend,
Mine by the strongest Ties of Manly
Love,

Union of Hearts, and Harmony of Souls;
A League contracted in the beardless State
Of undesigning Innocence and Youth,
Still growing strong and stronger by degrees,
As we advanc'd in Years, and reach'd to Manhood:
Earnest I fought thee out, to pay in full
Bouillon's lawful Claim to *Vendosme's* Thoughts,
And in revealing give thee half my Joys.

Bouill. Oh lavish Frankness of an honest Mind!
Such ever be the Greetings when we meet,
Such the Endearments of our social Hearts,
Musick the Sound, and Happiness the Theme.

Vend. Musick more rich, more ravishing than all
That Voice yet echo'd, or the Artist's Touch
Call'd forth melodious from the sounding Strings,
Has charm'd thy *Vendosme's* Ears: *Louisa's* kind,
And Love's my Friend; the beauteous grateful Maid
Receives my captive Heart, and hears my Vows;

In

In every Part I read my destin'd Bliss,
Hope in her Eyes, and in her Words Success.

Boiill. *Louisa*, said he? Heaven! could there be
Another Bolt of Thunder fierce as this, [found
To tear my cracking Heart-strings thro and thro,
To stagger Honour's unsuspecting Faith,
And shake the Fortrefs of the best-arm'd Virtue?

Louisa——

Vend. Why, *Boiillon*, why, my Friend,
This sudden Change of Body, Form, and Mind,
These furious Starts and Sallies of the Soul,
That thro thy Eyes disclose the War within?
Why gloom'st thou downward thus with Look malign?
Or meet my Tidings with a Face of Joy,
With equal feeling Warmth, and friendly Raptures,
Or I may else take in the Traytor Thought,
Wrong thy just Heart, and judge thy Silence Envy.

Boiill. Down, swelling Anguish of a jealous Mind:
Howe'er they rage, I must, I must suppress
These Throws, these Strivings, and these gnawing
That like reluctant subterraneous Fires, [Pangs,
Working for Birth, and struggling to be loose,
Disdainful of their Check, shoot all around
The dreadful Foamings of imprison'd Fury.

[*Aside.*

Vend. Now, on my Soul, this Usage is unkind,
As much unworthy *Vendosme* to receive,
As still to shew, ungenerous in thy self.

Boiill. Furies and Hell! Be still, this Mutiny!
What shall Invention form, or Thought reply?
I love, but now to own would be too late,
And but add Pain to Pain, *Louisa* too:
Vendosme forgive this Negligence of Friendship,
A Heart surpriz'd, and wandring from itself.
Death! how shall I go on? Dissembling ill
Suits the resenting Heats of Rival Love.

Vend.

Vend. Sure these imperfect Breaks, these Starts and
Speak some uncommon Cause. [Pauses,

Boüill. *Louisa*, said you?

Does she (O fatal Generosity!) [Aside,

With kind believing Pity hear thy Vows,
Approve thy well-paid Sighs, and warm thy Hopes?
Does she incline to lovè? then art thou bless'd
Beyond the Miser counting o'er his Bags,
Beyond the Raptures of the cloyster'd Maid,
When in the fervent Zeal of midnight Prayer;
She soars to Realms of Bliss, and talks with Angels;
Such Blessings hast thou found, as only Lovè
Successful as thy own; can picture true,
Or Lovers blending in the Act of Transport.

Vend. *Boüillon*, now thou mak'st a full Amends
For all the silent Coldness of Delay:
Such was thy *Vendosme's* Bliss, when last I saw her,
And such again attends my quick Return;
To talk and vow, and sigh away our Souls:
Believe me, Friend, and judge from thence my Faith;
E'en now I put a Force upon my Passions,
From all the Fondness of a mutual Flame,
I stole away, to share it with my Friend:
But Absence now seems long, Love checks my Stay,
I must take leave, its Summons to obey,
To meet the kind inviting Maid again;
Lovers count Time by Wishes, Joy, or Pain.

[*Vend.* Exit.

Boüillon *solus*.

Boüill. Now take thy loose my Soul, shoot forth thy
And pour out thy Variety of Horrors: [Burthen,
Why did I curb this inward Shock so long?
Why with this coward Silence did I brook
Louisa's yielding, and a Rival's Joy,
And not avow the Birthright of my Flame,
And fierce discharge my Tortures half on him,

The

HENRY IV. of France. 17

The curs'd, the happy *Vendosme*? Ill-plac'd Rage!
Vendosme is blameless and *Louisa* too;
 My self the only Wretch: with open Heart
 His undesigning Virtue told me all,
 And call'd me in a Partner to his Pleasures;
 Thus in this Mist of Thought, of Doubt and Woe,
 I know not what to wish or to resolve,
 Still to pursue this Passion wrongs my Friend,
 And to suppress it, more than damns my self;
 Here ever grows the Shelve, where Friendship splits.
 Mysterious Passion, potent to create
 The fiercest Torment, or the fiercest Joy!

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Prince of Conde and Rosine.

Prince. **T**HIS was the Day, *Rosine*, the wish'd-for
 Day
 My greedy Soul had treasur'd up so long,
 And in contracting Fancy half possess'd,
 To blot out every blacker Hour of Life,
 And pay with double Interest of Joys,
 Courtship's dull Toils, and Expectation's Pangs;
 The Day is now arriv'd, but how unlike
 That Day deceiv'd Imagination form'd!
Charlotta too is mine, and yet not mine;
 Oh jealous Grudgings of a love-sick Mind!
 What tho her Hand, her Father, and the Priest
 Confirm'd her mine by Law, the stronger Law
 Of Inclination disannuls the Tie,
 And still with-holds her Heart.

Rosine. Have you remark'd

D

Aught

Aught of substantial Sorrow, aught beyond
Th' affected Scruples of a bridal Qualm?

Prince. Too many damn'd convincing shocking
Of a displeas'd, an alienated Heart, [Proofs
This day have I receiv'd; for e'en but now,
As at the Altar, side by side, we stood,
To hear the Marriage-Ceremonies read;
When as the Priest advanc'd to join us one,
A sudden Trance surpriz'd the swooning Maid,
A livid Pale those Cheeks that ought to shew
The glowing Beauties of a wishing Bride;
Her Hand, her Heart, and every Member spoke
A strong Reluctance to the hated Act. [Cause

Rosine. There must be then some more than common
To you unknown, that works her Passions thus;
Perhaps her Soul (but let not me suggest
The dangerous-Thought) might be engag'd before.

Prince. I would not have this Jealousy take root,
And want the Confirmation; of the two,
Both Rocks to Peace, and Curses of the Mind,
The Knowledge, or Suspicion of a Wrong,
The Knowledge is the least; and here a Wrong,
As much I doubt there is, strikes deep indeed:
But since to live in doubt, is to go thro'
A direful Load of complicated Tortures,
To scorch in Flames, to grind upon the Wheel,
And to be flea'd with Strokes of Iron Rods,
Oh all-discerning Heaven! if Mercy be
The glorious reigning Attribute above,
Solve me this Riddle and explain my Fate.

Rosine. Then as a Man, support what I reveal;
Thus hear your Doubts explain'd: and long e'er now
Had I with zealous Duty told you all,
And stopt those sad Events that may ensue,
If sooner I had known the fatal Truth.

Charlotta is the King's, at least her Heart;
This very Hour I heard it from *Alicia*,

The

The Cabinet of all her inmost Counsels,
Whom for your surer Service have I won
By a pretended Courtship, to disclose
The Secrets of her House.

Prince. Rosine, I thank thee ;
Now thou hast made me what I wish'd to be,
Rather than starve in doubt, a knowing Wretch ;
I know the Wound,—but who can know the Cure?
Here is indeed a Plot concerted well
Against my Faith, my Honour and my Peace,
The King, *Charlotta*, and her Father too,
All, all Confederates: is't not so, *Rosine*?

Rosine. The King, no doubt, is ignorant of your
As *Montmorency* may perhaps be still [Marriage,
Of the King's Passion, or his Daughter's Guilt.

Prince. No, *Montmorency* knew the curs'd Intrigue,
And chose out me an Instrument to skreen
His House's Scandal, and his Daughter's Shame:
Was this his Reason? nay, he counsell'd well,
Our Marriage might be solemnized thus
I'th' dark, and secret from the Eye of Light.
Now as I doubt not but the precious Sin
Has been repeated o'er and o'er again,
The amorous Monarch now may revel free,
And feast on Beauties at another's Cost.

Rosine. You carry your Suspicions on too far,
To your own Torture only, having yet
No Confirmation of the King's Success,
Aught farther than his Hope.

Prince. I never yet,
'Tis true, surpriz'd them in the very Fact ;
But if our Thought can see, or Reason judge,
I have sufficient Proof to make me mad ;
Shall I sit then thus patient with Disgrace,
And like a tame believing doting Husband,
Careless a faithless Beauty in my Arms,
Who in the Height and Fury of Enjoyment,

Shall in her own lascivious absent Thoughts
Bestow her lavish Raptures on another?

Rosine. My Lord, my Lord——

Prince. Nay, do not interrupt me now,
When I would give my Madness all its Reins;
Patience, my Soul disdains its *Stoick* Maxim,
The Coward's Virtue, and the Knave's Disguise;
Oh Vengeance take me all, I'm wholly thine.
Let those suspend Revenge, and bury Wrongs,
Whose frozen Souls unapt for nobler Views,
Can live on distant Hopes, and pause o'er Mischief;
Let those be mute, whose Bliss is Ignorance,
By Priestcraft preach'd into a foolish Virtue,
And patient 'cause they know not when they're injur'd.

Rosine. Would you have Justice? calmly then resolve
Upon the Means that will effect it best,
Nor hurry rashly on you know not what;
First judge, then execute.

Prince. Let Fools contrive,
And coward Statesmen weary the long Nights
In planning Dangers that they dare not face,
And gain Applause from dilatory Counsels;
The Great but think of Glory or Revenge,
And make them both their own: Yes, yes, *Rosine*,
With open Heart I hug the mighty Thought.

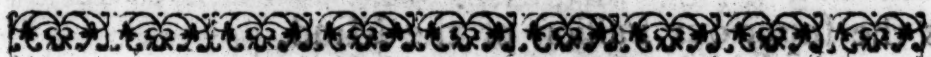
Rosine. I must attend him nearly, to prevent
Whate'er his Fury rashly may attempt. [*Aside.*]

Prince. Since they have rais'd this Monster in my
I'll give its Range to the destructive Guest; [*Breast,*
Let its resenting growling Rage go on,
Themselves the Cause, the Danger be their own.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE



SCENE III.

King and Villeroy.

King. **V**illeroy be near me, for indeed thy King,
 Tho every View of Danger be far off,
 Far as the wary Mind of Peace could wish,
 His martial Spirit takes not the Alarm
 From arming Princes, or combining Crowns,
 Is grown at last distrustful of himself.

Vill. But whence can it proceed?—

King. To tell thee that,
 Would be to shew my Picture thro a Glass
 With blacken'd Colours, and diminish'd Lustre;
 My self have on my self commenc'd a War,
 Reason gives back, and Resolution shrinks,
 And all the Rebel in me gets the day.
 I am in Chains, *Villeroy*, a Woman's Chains,
 Weak as the weakest Slave that e'er was yet
 Caught by a Look, a Feature, or an Air;
 Yes, *Montmorency's* Daughter haunts my Soul,
 [Villeroy starts.

Whatever Sport, Amusement or Retreat,
 It seeks for Refuge from the fair Intruder:
 For Beauty like a Spirit steals its Way,
 Thro every Fence and Fortrefs of the Mind,
 And in the strong Idea still retains
 The distant Person, and the Gazer's Heart.

Vill. How! *Montmorency's* Daughter! sure e'er now
 The Prince of *Conde* has espous'd the Fair, [Aside.
 But it is now of moment I conceal it,
 And, if I can, divert the fatal Flame. [Vice,

King. But why should Love be falsely charg'd the
 That

That ought to be the Glory of a Man?
 As the superiour Passion of the Mind,
 Be it the superiour Privilege of Kings,
 The Foremost of Mankind. Have I not read,
 That all those mighty Sons of War, who shine
 In History, so fam'd for great Exploits,
 And Battels never lost, have yielded there?
 Since in the Chace of Glory, I have still
 Propos'd these great Examples to my Sword,
 If Love a Weakness be, and they have lov'd,
 Let their Examples then extenuate mine.

Vil. False Argument, weak Error of the Mind!
 Excuse me, Sir, unworthy him that shews it;
 Shall he whose Will is Fate, whose Nod a Law
 To all the Tributary Nations round,
 By one unbridled Frailty sully all
 His Harvest of accumulated Glories,
 Undo the Labours of twice twenty Years,
 And now when every Eye stands gazing on,
 Thus tumble from the Precipice of Fame?
 Let not victorious *Henry* stoop so low,
 To varnish o'er his own by other's Faults;
 Be it his Pride, to copy wisely out
 The greatest Actions of the greatest Men,
 And where they err, his Glory to dissent.

King. Villeroy, no more, you torture me in vain,
 I am ashamed to look into my self,
 To find how mean, how impotent I am,
 How fal'n, how much unlike what once I was.
 Oh *Anthony*, thou great unhappy Victor!
 Like thee amidst the Flush of full Success,
 I drive on Rocks, and languish for Destruction,
 Bound in a second *Cleopatra's* Charms;
 But with this juster Difference, as the first
 With Female Cunning, and with borrow'd Help,
 Deriv'd her wicked Power from magick Aid;
 Mine with a lavish Stock of Nature's Bounty,

Unconscious of her Charms, puts gayly forth
A fair Variety of guiltless Lustre,
Shines without Art, and kills without Design.

Vill. The stronger are the Fetters that enslave,
The greater is the Praise to struggle thro.

King. Such Praise but few indeed dare merit well;
Or fewer yet desire: Oh tempting Ruin!
But I will break the Charm, or wear no more
The useless Title of a fetter'd King;
Nor sway the *Gallick* Empire, and yet want
The Power to sway the Empire o'er myself.
Could I do this? And wherefore could I not?
This I enjoin my Soul, (great Enterprize!)
To make the Test and Standard of its Glory.
Yes, *Villeroy*, I will dare resolve on Freedom,
Let Love and Beauty ply their strongest Art,
Against each potent Spell I'll man my Heart,
Redeem the Monarch from the Lover's State,
And in my foremost Triumph number That.

[*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E IV.

Bouillon solus.

IT is decided, Friendship's brittle Tie
No longer shall amuse me on the Rack,
With the vain Comfort of an honest Wretch:
Let Virtue dictate to the *Stoick* Mind
Self-strivings, Patience, Abstinence, and Pain,
I cannot brook the tasteless starving Precept;
I burn, and must allay the raging Flame:
Let Sin be fatal, and be Love a Sin,
It is a glorious Way of Sinning sure,

So

So strong, so rich the Motive and Reward.
 Let *Vendosme* have her Heart, I'll heave him thence,
 Supplant his hoping unsuspecting Blindness,
 And take his place myself:—Sweet impious Thought!
 But see she comes, the damning Fair-one comes,
 With pointed Eyes, and Arbitrary Charms,
 To prompt, to edge, and justify my Guilt:
 I will attack her Soul on every side,
 I'll pour out all my Pains, and by the Heat
 Of furious Pleadings force her to be kind.

Enter Louisa.

Louisa. On what a troubled Main do we embark,
 When first we enter on the State of Love?
 One constant Series of unconstant Tides,
 Mixtures of Doubt and Hope attend us all:
 Th' Unhappy live in one continual Curse
 Of ever-craving, never-quench'd Desire;
 The Happy, (if we such may happy call,
 Whom Fortune flatters with her *Syrén* Tongue)
 Find every fickle Hour their Tortures too,
 Their Fears, their Griefs, their Jealousies, and Wants.
 No more myself, I wander up and down
 In search of something, but I know not what,
 And yet methinks 'tis *Vendosme* that I seek.
 Hah! here's the Duke *Boüillon*! I'll of him
 (Oh fond Impertinence of Woman's Love!)
 Inquire the Health and Welfare of his Friend.

Boüill. Happy the Subject, were the Subject Love,
 That does so well employ *Louisa's* Thought;
 Happy the Lover that so well succeeds,
 To gain his prosp'rous Suit admittance there.

Louisa. Flattery, my Lord, becomes a Courtier's
 Tongue,
 And you, no doubt, have learn'd the modish Vice.

Boüill. *Louisa*, now you do a willing Wrong
 Both to yourself and me, to think that Love

(For

(For who can gaze on thee, and not adore?)
 Can speak a Language foreign to its Nature,
 Or Beauty like your own wants power to awe
 The wily Courtier's Heart, and fix it true.

Louisa. Alas! my Lord, I came not now to hear
 The Praise of Beauty, or the Sighs of Love,
 All distant from my Thoughts, I would enquire
 Of you his Bosom-Partner and his Friend,
 When you had seen the Duke of *Vendosme*.

Boiill. Hell!
 Does she come here to sport upon my Pains,
 And to upbraid me with the guilty Thought
 Of broken Faith and violated Friendship?

The Duke of *Vendosme*, Madam!

Louisa. Yes, my Lord,
 I nam'd the Duke of *Vendosme*.

Boiill. Then, *Louisa*,
 The Duke of *Vendosme*'s here.

Louisa. My Lord *Boiillon*,
 I do not understand your dark Reply,
 Unless you mean by Friendship's sacred Union,
 Yourself a second *Vendosme*.

Boiill. Oh Damnation!
 Still will she strike on that ungrateful String,
 And make me by severe Reflection see
 A Figure I abhor, my self a Villain.
 But I will now go thro: Yes, fair *Louisa*,
 To thee, to thee I'll be the Duke of *Vendosme*,
 At least with *Vendosme*'s Eyes I'll view thy Beauties,
 And pay 'em (Heaven and Earth attest my Vows!)
 A Heart, a Soul as full of Love as his.

Louisa. Is this the Duke *Boiillon*, *Vendosme*'s Friend?

Boiill. No, I disclaim the Alliance, cancel all
 The Vows, the slight Engagements that oppose
 Love's nobler Passion, and deny me thee:
 Let this, thou charming Cause of all my Guilt,
 This sacrificing all the World holds dear,

This Wreck of Virtue, Friendship, Faith and Fame,
Convince thy Pity, argue on my side,
To what a fierce Extravagance I love.

Louisa. Why do I thus by hearing share thy Guilt?
Are these the noblest Trophies you can boast,
A perjur'd Honour, and a Traytor Heart?
What then must Love on Friendship's Ruins thrive?
No, false *Boüillon*, no, the Man who dares
(So near the kindred Passions are ally'd)
When trusted and believ'd, betray the one,
Throws himself out unworthy of the other.

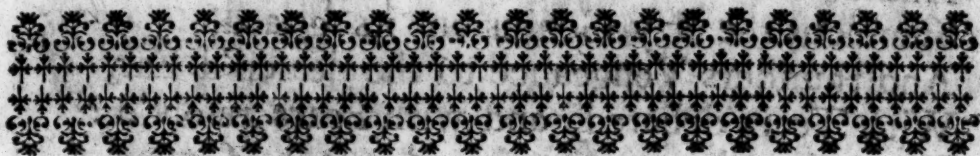
[Exit *Louisa*.]

Boüill. O constant Curse and Punishment of Sin!
I am immers'd too deeply to return,
Doom'd to bear forward, tho I see the Gulph
That menaces my Fate, to rush upon it.
Louisa drives me there, *Louisa's* Beauties
Shall make me an Atonement for my Ruin.
Still will I then pursue her, she may change,
And crown me in her Arms a happy Villain.

Since Women thus the nobler Sex controul,
And bind in magick Chains the freeborn Soul,
Coyly they fly us when they know we're fast,
Protract our Toils a while, but yield at last;
Whose Fate it is to love, 'tis his to bear
Th' uneven Tempers of the stubborn Fair,
Not curse his Stars, or think his Hopes o'erthrown
By one harsh Word, or inauspicious Frown,
Wisely to weigh their Charms with their Disdain,
And for the future Pleasure, flight the present Pain.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Bishop, Nuntio, and several other Priests.

Bish. INCE, Brethren, Friends, and Fellow-Sufferers all,
 With one consenting Heart of general Woe
 You feel the Church's Ruin, and your own;
 Here we assemble, that each loyal Son,
 Each daring Pastor of our sinking Faith,
 May give his well-known Grievances full Vent.
 Nor is it fitting we assemble here
 For the poor Comfort only to complain,
 To sigh like Doves one heartless mournful Note,
 But to consult how we may mourn no more,
 And turn our present Injuries on those,
 Who smile to see the Day so near their own.

Nunt. Ay, Sirs, in a Convention form'd like this,
 Compos'd of righteous enterprizing Spirits,
 Ecclesiastick Souls, and Sons of Rome,
 What Resolutions may we not expect,
 Worthy ourselves, and worthy of our Cause?
 Why, what a poultry Figure would it make,
 When told in Times to come, to our disgrace,
 That a Cabal of Priests, a Set of Men
 From every other People fam'd the first
 For sure Revenge, and Steadiness of Counsels;

Now when a tottering Church, a flighted Power,
And all that can inflame a Priestly Breast,
Summons the lazy Genius on its guard,
And thunders Vengeance to the deafen'd Ear,
With Tears debated, and with Fears resolv'd ?
If you shed Tears, let them be happy Omens
Of all the Tears of Blood our Foes shall weep.

Priest. No, Reverend Father, here are none but dare,
As far as Hope can wish, or Thought can form,
To second their Complaints with Hearts of Vengeance.
Propose the glorious Means, and curs'd be he,
Ten thousand Church-Anathema's his Doom,
Who shrinks from leaguings in the pious Scheme.

Nunt. Then hear, ye honest true-born Sons of Rome,
Hear, and applaud this Dawning of Success,
With what industrious Zeal I have advanc'd
The Means for our Deliverance : Since I here
Resided Nuntio from the Holy See,
It chanc'd one day, that I remark'd a Youth
Walking demurely with a sullen Port,
A downcast lowring discontented Brow,
And dark with every Feature of Despair,
Angry at all, and mutt'ring to himself ;
Him with a willing Heart I entertain'd,
Judg'd him a proper Instrument to form
For any desperate Enterprize in view,
And better than my Hopes, I find him out
To be State-mad, Religiously sick :
All of you know how well we may improve
The Lees of Education settled thus,
And work our Wills upon the Bigot Youth.

Bish. Well have you chose, this is indeed a Tool
Worthy the subtle Statesman's nicest Care ;
Where he may push the Danger from himself,
And act his Mischiefs by a second Hand :
This is an Engine for our present Work,
Looks it not, Brothers, with a lucky Face ?

Did not this *Henry's* Predecessor fall
By the sharp Malice of a Friar's Hand,
A hot-brain'd Boy, that itch'd to live in Fame?
Why may not this, upon our present Scourge,
That Fosterer of Hereticks, and Source
Of all our Church's Grievance, act again
The Friar's part, and strike a second Blow. [all.

All Priests. There spoke the Heart and Purpose of us
Nunt. I will produce him then: i'th' outward Room,
By my Appointment, he attends our Call;
I'll fetch him in: Break to him your Intent,
I'll answer on my Life for the Success. [Exit *Nuntio*.

Bish. If he comes up to his Description full,
We need but spur the young Enthusiast on,
With Views of Fame, and Promises of Heaven,
And he engages firm without a Pause.

The Nuntio returns with Ravilliac.

Nunt. Come forth, *Ravilliac*, if thou still maintain'st
A Soul that labours with the Nation's Groans,
That feels with a Religious Christian Ire
Each sad Infringement on our Church's Right:
Hast thou a Heart of Vengeance, as prepar'd
To act as to complain, to dare as talk,
To this Assembly make the Motion out.

Ravil. Yes, Holy Chiefs of our afflicted Church,
Young as I seem, these Years have I with Care
Employ'd in Politicks mysterious School,
Remark'd each Maxim, Turn, and Tide of State,
With deep Reflection, and a curious Eye,
The Publick Weal my own: then think not now
My Soul a Stranger to our present Grievs;
Fathers, it burns as hot as any here.
Indignant I behold a graceless King
Pervert the great Commission that he holds,
And countenance the Vice he should erase;
Whilst by Connivance from the Throne itself,

Fierca

Fierce as an Inundation Schism pours in,
 And overthrows our pure Establish'd Faith. [Youth,
Nunt. Then think, brave Catholick, true Christian
 Our Country's Honour, and our Church's Pride,
 How many pious Blessings wait the Hand
 That shall attempt the Remedy, and free
 By one auspicious Blow the suffering Land.

Ravil. I take the glorious Hint, that part be mine;
 Yes, with a niggard Breast I to myself
 Engross the great Atchievement, and the Praise.

Bish. A Praise refin'd, exalted, and divine,
 Beyond th' Ambition of a common Toil;
 Such Praise as Martyrs reap, or Saints attain,
 Shall crown the holy meritorious Deed.
 Be speedy and resolv'd, nor doubt th' Event;
 Our Church shall mark thee in the sacred List
 Of her best Champions, and her foremost Sons.
 Who would not venture on this glorious Push,
 Life but the Hazard, and the Purchase Heaven?
 One Act like this atones an Age of Sins.
 Be secret, to absolve thee be our Care:
 What may be Murder deem'd from other Hands,
 In us our Function sanctifies as Justice.

Ravil. Conclude it done; I am as firmly fix'd
 As Oath could bind, or Conscience can engage;
 Let Time and Opportunity present,
 With a sure Hand I'll make my Contract good,
 And give our Church new Life from *Henry's* Blood.

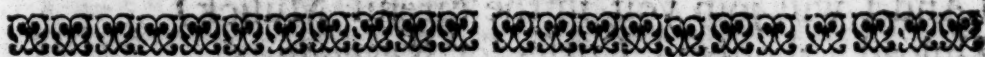
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

King, solus.

WHY should the Bondman struggle with his
 Chains,
 When his weak Efforts add the heavier Load,
 When

When thinking to be free, he only thinks
 With aggravated Pain, on what he is?
 Am I a King, invested with a Power
 To judge and punish a poor Subject's Crime,
 And none to censure, judge, or punish me?
 Oh frail abandon'd Monarch, royal Slave!
 All, all claim Right to judge and censure Thee!
 For Punishment no added Pains I need,
 My Crime itself is Punishment too bad:
 My useless Titles blaze but to display
 My Weakness fuller to the publick Eye.
Charlotta! wherefore dwells my Soul on her?
 I know she cannot, must not be possess'd,
 And yet I know, I cannot cease to love;
 My Resolutions, transitory Dreams,
 Strong for one moment, and the next forgot:
 Oh Heaven! find out some Medium for Redress,
 Or give me her, or take away Desire.



S C E N E III.

Charlotta.

FROM place to place my restless Grievs explore
 A momentary Refuge from Despair,
 But still to me, as to a bankrupt Wretch,
 One Misery seldom comes alone, the World
 Takes flying Fortune's part, each thriving Knave
 Puts forth an envious Hand to keep him down;
 Each place looks dark, and gloomy as myself,
 And keeps the Face of Horror still before me:
 What Friend but Death shall my Afflictions court?
 The Close of Life the surest Close of Woe.
 The fatal Day of Marriage scarce expir'd,
 The Monarch-Husband shews his Tyrant-Reign,
 He

He marks me with a fiery jealous Eye,
And holds me guilty in his sullen Thoughts.
Hah! Angels be my Guard, the King is here!

[*She sees the King, and starts.*]

King. Yes, Madam, 'tis the King; but why this
'This false unkind Alarm of causeless Fear? [Start,
Are you surpriz'd, ungenerous Maid, to see
Him you with cruel Pride have seen so oft
Stript of th' encircling Rays of beaming Glory,
In all the fiercest Agonies of Love,
Low humbled at your Feet a begging Slave?
Why do you mock me with the Name of King,
But to insult me on my lost Renown,
And triumph in the Power you have usurp'd?

Charl. Why will my Royal Master thus descend
To do my guiltless artless Conduct wrong?
Oh, Sir, if these unhappy Charms have won
An undesigning Victory, on them
(And I will join you in the direful Musick)
Unload a thousand Curses of Revenge.
I did what Duty forc'd, I heard your Pains,
With all the just Return that I could make
I gave you Pity, tho I could not Love.

King. That, that undid me, Pity was my Curse,
The sweet-tongu'd Syren-Charm that led me on
Thro a deceitful Maze of flattering Hope:
But thee, my Fair, no more will I upbraid;
No, rather on my own rebellious Heart,
My guilty Passions, and my vicious Thoughts
On aught but thee, *Charlotta*, charge the Blame.

Charl. Oh Virtue, Virtue, why must thou support
A Tryal so severe? Unhappy King!
Thou know'st but little of *Charlotta's* Soul; [*Aside.*
I can out-number with thee Groan for Groan,
I burn, I love, and I despair like Thee.

King. By all my Hopes she weeps! Oh costly Drops!
How, were they Tears of Love, should I be bless'd!
Why may they not? To think not, would be base,
And

And call thee Cruel and Ungrateful still :
 No, if a broken Heart has Claim enough
 To merit this Return, they shall be mine ;
 The watry Tribute shall be all my own !

Char. Aside] Ye Guardian Pow'rs ! look down on my
 Is Pity banish'd Your Divine Abodes, [Distress !
 That You with-hold Your needful Succours now ?

King. No, I will court thee on a lawful Claim ;
 Nor shall my former Marriage bar that Hope :
 Consent, and be my Bride, this very Hour
 The Priest shall make us One in sacred Bands,
 And Wedlock consecrate the Legal Joy.

Ch. Witness, Ye Pow'rs ! how pleas'd, could I embrace
 What now a sad Necessity denies !
 Be silent Love, and let my Griefs reply. [*Aside.*
 Now, Sir, I must remind You, that You err
 To a severe Extravagance indeed ;
 You sink beneath the Majesty, that ought
 To bear You up thro' ev'ry Scene of Life,
 With suiting Grandeur, and a Royal Pride.
 For Shame ! let Glory summon You from hence ;
 (That I must speak so distant from my Soul !) [*Aside.*
 I am too just, too generous, to derive
 A mean Advantage from my Master's Chains.
 No, Sir, You shall not find me Woman there :
 I meet my Triumph with a bleeding Heart,
 And will rejoice, nay, aid to set You free.

King. Charlotta, but I said I would not blame thee,
 How many Tyrants might I call thee now ?
 Thou know'st, I am as able to perform
 All the *Herculean* Labours o'er again,
 Level the *Alps*, to turn the *Danube's* Course,
 Or take from Fire its Quality of Heat,
 As to dislodge thy Image from my Breast :
 Why do You then impose the endless Toil ?

Char. You see not, Sir, how much I am Your Friend,
 I love You, and in This evince my Love :

You sue a Beggar-Beauty to Your Bed,
 Already Rich and Honourably fill'd :
 You lay before my Eyes such dazzling Spoils
 Of rifled Majesty, and fully'd Fame,
 As make the Victor blush. Indeed, I love You,
 And would not have a base, licentious World.
 Say, to my King's Disgrace, That He, whose Name
 Strong as his foremost Ensigns, push'd Success,
 Made Armies shudder, and their Chiefs turn pale,
 Whom Swords have fear'd, and Darts flew pointles by,
 Was thus transpierc'd, and vanquish'd by a Glance.
 Your Virtue suffers, if Your Flame succeeds ;
 Then judge how much I by denying, love ;
 To prize Your Honour, whilst I guard my own.

King. Off Honour ! Pride of Majesty, be gone !
 Tumble thou Empire from thy Golden Height !
 Fade all ye pompous Diadems of Pow'r !
 Let me have Thee in lieu ; a trivial Loss.
 O Love ! the Ravage thou hast acted here !
 O Royalty ! thou glitt'ring pageant Load,
 Or fly thy miserable Wearer's Shame,
 Or learn him to dare something that deserves thee.
 Yes, Madam, I must take Your cruel Counsel ;
 Some happier Rival-Suit may claim Your Ear,
 And I intrude : But I'll from hence remove ;
 O that I could with equal Steps from Love !

[*Exit.*

Char. Go where thou wilt, ill-fated Royal Lover,
 Indulge thy Griets, alone thou shalt not grieve :
 Let Poison, Racks, and Daggers tear thy Frame,
 My Heart shall bear thee Company thro' All,
 And nobly triumph in superior Tortures.

[*Prince of Conde coming forward.*

Pr. Are Tortures, Racks, and Poison Nuptial Sounds ?
 Sweet *Hymeneals* for a new-made Bride !
 No ! Racks and Daggers are for Him, thou Trait'ress,
 Whom you have drawn to your polluted Bed,

And

And cozen'd in, a Cov'ring for your Lust.
Nay, do not shake with a dissembled Horror,
Nor, as my Reason doubts not, but you are
A perfect Mistress in your Sex's Arts,
Think to elude me with a specious Look
Of Innocence, Surprise, and virtuous Rage:
The Artifice is stale; I've seen and heard
Enough, beyond Suspicion's pale Distrusts,
To damn me with the Knowledge of my Fate.

Char. Art thou my Husband?

Prince. Sink, sink, dire Remembrance!
Be blotted out the Time when first I saw thee!
Perish the Hours that aided to my Shame,
And witness'd when I woo'd thy treach'rous Charms!
Curs'd be my Blindness, and thy own Deceit!
Curs'd be thy Father, when he gave Consent;
The Priest that join'd us in the fatal Tie,
And All that were assistant to my Ruin!

Char. Think not I gave thee that detested Name,
(For now I dare to own that I abhor thee)
To draw thee into Pity for a Crime
My Soul as much with honest Pride disdains,
As to asperse me with th'unmanly Slander,
Betrays thy own both villainous and mean.

Prince. Then you will brave it out! —

Char. Vile Monster! Wretch!
Almost beneath Resentment or Disdain;
Since my ill Stars have doom'd thee to the Pow'r,
Now Lord it on, and exercise the Husband
In ev'ry furious Quality of Vengeance.
Since you have stab'd my Fame, behold my Breast
Thus open, thus impatient for thy Sword.
Nay, — kneeling will I beg the cruel Mercy:
There, pierce the next, the kinder, lesser Wound:
Thou say'st, that I have wrong'd thee; prove it Here!
Here justify thy Charge. The Sin lies now
Heavy on me; if now unpunish'd then,

I live to sin again, it is thy own.

Prince. Thou canst not surely be confirm'd so deep
In the lewd Trade and Cunning of Intrigues,
As to out-face me that these Eyes were blind,
These Ears have lost their Faculty, and all
Gave false Reports, all faulty but thy Virtue !
No less a Suiter than the King Himself ?
Then you may well be proud ; His Pow'r, no doubt,
Can gild and countenance the lawless Joy.

Char. Go on as far as Jealousie can drive thee,
Writhe to and fro with Thought corroding Anguish ;
Be that the Justice that my doubted Fame
And bleeding Reputation shall inflict.
Clear in my self, I scorn to give Reply,
Or make a false Suspicion wear the Face
Of Truth, by fondly striving to confute
The weak Chimæra's of a poison'd Brain.
Since you distrust me once, distrust me still ;
Let thy own Mind thy own Tormentor be,
And on thy self revenge thy Wrongs to me.

[*Exit.*

Prince. Go, thou black Pattern of thy subtle Sex ;
Leave this dull Tool, this Husband to his Shame.
Go to thy am'rous Sports again, and hug
The Royal Letcher in thy wanton Arms.
The King ! — Ay, there Resentment must be mute.
O had another, potent as Himself,
Unguarded by the Sanction of that Name,
Dar'd to invade my Property, my Tongue
Had then been silent, and my Sword had spoke !
Yet, I have Her, that Strumpet of a Wife ;
There shall my Vengeance strike a double Blow :
Yes, she shall suffer strangely for them both ;
Whilst I shall punish Him, in torturing Her.

Enter

Enter Count Montmorency.

Mont. My Son, I come upon a Father's Claim,
To know this Cloud of Grief, and whence the Cause,
Now when my Daughter promises thy Love
A Virgin Banquet on thy Bridal Night.

Prince. Millions of burning Engines carry on
A fiery Devastation thro' my Breast.
Hah! who art thou, that with this hoary Guile,
This venerable Villany, com'st here,
To chafe my Wounds, and play upon my Tortures?
Dost thou thus gravely ask the Cause? Thy self
And thy perfidious Daughter know't too well.

Mont. What dar'st thou mean? I counsel thee be-
My House's Honour, and my Daughter's Fame, (ware;
Will not admit this License of thy Madness.

Pr. Perish thy House, thy Daughter, and thy Self!
Why did you lay this Train of Horrors here?
Dost thou bid me beware? I say, Give her,
Thy False, thy Strumpet Daughter, that Advice
Go, caution her to keep her Body pure,
Nor glory in a rank adult'rous Bed.

Mont. This is too much! We shall indeed deserve
Th' injurious Scandal, should I longer brook
Thy infamous Reproaches unchastiz'd.
In me my injur'd Daughter's Virtue arms, [*Draws.*
And with the Name of Villain thus defies thee.

Pr. Put up thy feeble Sword; thy Death, Old Man,
Would only blunt my nobler Stretch of Vengeance.
Go, bear this welcome Message to thy Daughter;
Tell her, I shall not come to Bed to Night;
She may provide her Man, and whore secure.

Mon. Unworthy of thy Blood, thy Birth or Name,
Dost thou traduce her with a Traitor's Tongue;
But since thy Coward Baseness has declin'd
To do me open Justice with thy Sword,

I'll

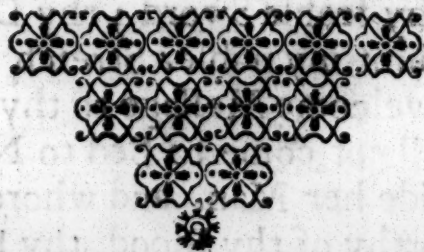
I'll have my Pause of future Vengeance too.

[Exit.

Prince. Thou dost mistake ; my real Injuries blaze
Too fierce, to let me pause upon Revenge :
No, she shall rather die Ten thousand Deaths,
Than live another's Boast, and my Disgrace.

*Thus, steering homeward, with a swelling Mind,
With a rich Cargo, and a flatt'ring Wind,
The greedy Sailor counts his future Gain ;
When, on a sudden, scowring o'er the Main,
Some stout-mann'd Pyrate, trembling he descries,
Chase with a threatening Sail, his Golden Prize.
What can he chuse ? On what can he rely ?
Fight him he must not, and he cannot fly :
Loath to enrich his Rival by his Fall,
He sinks his Treasure, Vessel, Self, and All.*

The End of the THIRD ACT.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Nuntio and Bishop.

Nunt. **B**Rother, I like the holy Motion well,
The Spirit of our Cause must be kept warm,
We must work on with a religious Fury,
Take hold on ev'ry Prop, Device, or Fraud,
Howe'er unjust, unwarrantably vile,
The Practice may appear to common Eyes,
To reach the glorious Goal of our Designs.
Delays too oft create a Lethargy,
The constant Issue of a vulgar Plot,
Form'd by mechanick Heads of drowsie Lay-men :
We who have sanguine Views, and Souls confirm'd
In the mysterious Principles of *Rome*,
Can weave our Scheme so fine, that he who dares
Inquisitively tread th' ambiguous Maze
In Search of our Designs, shall sink himself.
The Prince of *Conde*, and the proud *Bouillon*,
Both discontented league in one Revenge ;
There, as you well advise, we work the next.

Bish. Not that our Cause can need their puny Aid,
But 'twould be glorious Mischief, great Success,
To make them both (since they are both, 'tis plain,
Secret Abettors of this upstart Faith)
The Instruments of Ruin to themselves,
And the pernicious Faction they espouse.
But see, where close, in amicable Port,
Hugging each other on their new Alliance,
The vengeful Nobles come.

Nunt.

Nunt. They come indeed :
 Methinks, as when from far, with cruel Joy
 The Eagle meditates his distant Prey,
 My Heart, with an Alarm of prosp'rous Gladness,
 Leaps at the future Mischief it intends 'em.
 Let us withdraw some Distance hence, where yet
 Unseen, we may attend their Conference.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.

Conde and Bouillon.

Cond. **L**ET others from the happier Scenes of Life,
 From mutual Profits, and from social Joys
 Contract a pleasant League of easie Friendship;
 We from the strongest, as th' unhappiest Cause,
 Commence Alliance, and engage our Souls,
 As equal are our Wrongs, and our Complaints,
 To equal speedy Measures for Revenge.
 The King, O Heav'n! that e'er I should have Cause
 To charge that sacred Character with ought
 That bears th' Injustice he has offer'd me!
 But injur'd me he has; in me, *Bouillon*,
 The Subject and the Husband suffer both.

Bou. It is enough, we know that we are wrong'd,
 Both of the fav'rite Jewels of our Souls;
 Rifled, despoil'd by Violence and Fraud,
 Thou by our Monarch, and by *Vendosme* — I.
 Shall we remain thus smarting with our Wounds,
 Yet ignorant or slow to search the Cure?
 Fix but the Means, what dares not one like me
 Attempt, in Vengeance for neglected Love?

You

You know the State and Genius of our Land ;
 There is a potent Party, ripe for Arms,
 Dispirited they seem ; but 'tis for want
 Of due Protection, and a proper Head :
 Let but the Prince of *Conde* once appear,
 Twice Twenty thousand Men shall own his Cause,
 And with their faithful Swords relate his Wrongs.

Con. Now thou indeed hast call'd forth all my Soul
 To the severest Touch. O Loyalty !
 O Honour ! All my Obligations there
 Are cancell'd by my Injuries. Hah, Friend !
 Tell, tell me, now my Soul is hot with Rage,
 Moulded for ev'ry Enterprize of Vengeance ;
 Say, shall we fly from hence, and rouze once more
 The discontented *Hugonots* to Arms ?
 That, that will look like Vengeance ; Hah, *Bouillon* !

Bou. Resolv'd ; let *Conde* lead, *Bouillon*'s fix'd
 To hazard All upon the Glorious Cast.
 Hence, e'er the blabbing Tongue of noisie Rumour,
 Or dull Suspicion, give the least Alarm :
 Quick let us fly the Court, and City too :
 The Reason for our Flight (if so 'tis call'd)
 Will be best render'd at an Army's Head.

Con. Now, Thought, be still ; I would not have thee
 The least untimely Penitence within me ; (raise
 Remorse and idle Tendernefs shall now
 Be utter Strangers to my desert Soul :
 Or, if Thought will be roaming, let it lay
 The blacken'd Image of my Wrongs before me ;
 Fresh let 'em rise, and to my View present
 The wanton King, and my adult'rous Wife ;
 Then will I join thy Counsels with a Soul
 Abandon'd to each Method of Revenge.
 I have the horrid full Idea now ;
 Death ! even now the amorous Pair indulge
 The lawless Raptures of a lewd Embrace,
 Wantoning, gloating each the other o'er,

Proudly they brave it in the Eye of Day,
And call me stupid Cuckold to my Face!

Bouillon, take me hence, my Sword shall part them.

Bou. Come then, away, my Lord; *Bouillon* feels
The jealous Agonies of injur'd Love,
To as severe Extremity as You.

Con. Those Agonies then spur us to the Field,
Give Edges to our Swords, and push Success.

Let Boys forgive, and dastard Souls endure,
We will revenge the Wounds we cannot cure.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Nuntio and Bishop return.

Nunt. **T**HERE let the shallow Politicians go,
Fret, rave, and foam, and bluster in high
Words,

There lies their Talent, for Designs they've none;
Or if they have, they run not quite so deep,
But may be fathom'd with but half an Eye:
Spirit they have, — and may it drive them on
To all the pleasing Mischiefs, that our Church
Can wish this Knot of Heretick Opposers: (ceed?

Bish. But mark'd you whence their Grievances pro-
The King has been too free with *Conde's* Wife;
Bouillon's Quarrel is a Love-Grudge too;
And that's, you know, the Principle from which
These brisk high-mettl'd Blades form all their Actions;
Hence Youthful Chiefs revolt; from hence arise
Rebellion, Discontents, and Civil Wars;

Hence

Hence do those Storms take Birth, that prove so oft
The Fate of Monarchs, and the Wreck of Empires.

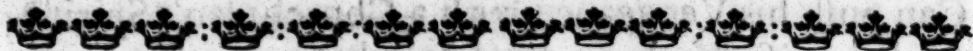
Nunt. Right, Love's their Maxim, as Religion ours:
Yet tell me who, the bravest of them all,
Tho' fierce Resentment boils in ev'ry Vein,
Can push his Vengeance with a Churchman's Spirit?
And yet, so much my Soul delights to hear
The Clash of Discord, and the Sword of Ruin,
Should one of these fierce talking, threatening Heroes
(Since on themselves they point their Civil Rage)
Dare some prodigious Mischief, could I hug
The useful Villain: nay, for once, almost
Run Counter to the Tenets of our Church,
And give the Rebel Heretick his Pardon.

Bish. Tush, let 'em act or purpose what they please,
Resolve, break off, agree, or disagree,
Or carry their Resentments on, or take
A cool Reflection, and a serious Pause;
Already have we div'd into enough
To serve our present Cause, and ruin them:
The King and Conde's Wife, there, there's our Mark!
Our Pulpits may from hence make glorious Use,
Shew forth the Royal Sinner, and his Vices,
With all the blackest Turns of sharp Reflection,
Our much-fam'd Jesuit Eloquence can reach;
Thus frighten from his side the People's Hearts,
And cloud his Lustre in the publick Eye,
Then take him off unpitied, unbelov'd.

Nunt. The sooner the decisive Blow is struck,
The surer, and the safer for our Cause.
The discontented Nobles Flight from Court
Assures Success, and intimates, *Strike now!*
Who will not take the *Odium* all from us,
And throw the undisputed Guilt on them?
As for *Ravilliac*, him I doubt the least;
E'en now he's blaming the too tardy Hours,
That keep the happy bloody Minute back,

And panting to be register'd a Saint.
But hold, — I hear th' unwelcome Steps of some
That tend this way : 'Tis fit we disappear.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV.

Vendosme and Louisa.

Vend. **N**OW by the Glory of my Father's Reign,
By thy own Beauty, and by *Vendosme's*
Thy Doubts are causeless, as thy Fears unkind. (Love,
Bouillon fled disgusted from the Court,
False to his Friend, his Country, and his King,
Is punish'd in his own disloyal Breast:
Friendship's dissolv'd, those Adamantine Ties,
That might have dash'd my Joys in Love and Thee;
He has broke first, and left me free to act
As Love shall dictate, and my Hopes inspire.

Lou. *Vendosme* thou think'st 'tis vain for me to strive
To hide a Weakness thou hast prov'd too far;
Yet let me tell thee, I am still resolv'd
To be so much the Mistress of my self,
So far by Reason sway'd, and Virtue rul'd,
E'en in this Height and Guilt of foolish Love,
As to prefer my Honour, Fame, and Peace,
Before the Lure of idle Joys, to which
Thou thus invit'st me with a flatt'ring Tongue.
First let *Bouillon* to the Court return,
And be your antient Amity renew'd,
Before *Louisa* shall resign her Hand.

Vend. Should any but *Louisa* thus reply,
Thus with ungenerous Scruples still disturb

The

The whiter Prospect of a Life of Love,
How could I censure what I dare not now ?
But thus far I must speak, for now indeed,
Now when *Bouillon*, when my Rival Friend
Has put it from his Pow'r to wrong me more,
These Scruples wear an inauspicious Face :
It looks, as if you mourn'd *Bouillon's* Loss ;
At least, forgive me if I judge amiss,
These cool Delays, these weak Evasions bode
The fainting Symptoms of declining Love,
To the deluded, the unhappy *Vendosme*.

Lou. Now you pull off the Vizor you have worn,
And shew me what you are, a perfect Man,
Bred up in Guile, and practis'd in Deceit.
False Sex ! and falsest *Vendosme* ! this the great
Return from him, I singled from a Crowd
Of thronging Suitors, of the foremost Rank
That *France* could boast, or Virgin Beauty draw !
This the Reward *Louisa* might expect
For all her kind Attention to thy Vows,
Her easy, generous, too believing Goodness ?
E'en now, too tender of a worthless Wretch,
My ill paid Generosity was prov'd,
When I declin'd thy proffer'd Vows of Marriage,
Oppos'd a Heart that lov'd thee but too well ;
Unwilling to involve thy House or Thee
In the attending Consequence of Ruin.

Vend. What shall I say to justify my Soul,
And shew my Fair how much she has mistook me ?

Lou. Say nought, or say, at least, that thou art false,
And then I may believe the cruel Truth.
But be thou what thou wilt, yet falser still,
Henceforth I'll study to repay thy Wrongs,
Recover back my Heart by strong Resentment,
And learn to throw thee off, or love thee less.

[Exit.]

Ven.]

Vendosme, *solus*.

Vend. Distraction ! how abandon'd is that Wretch
Condemn'd, like me, to be a Slave to each
Capricious Humour of this giddy Sex ?
And yet *Louisa* is— Alas ! my Soul
That feels her Chains, can best explain her Pow'r.
Yes, I must love the Charmer ; and, by Heav'n,
Spite of these jealous Humours, she deserves it.

[*A Flourish behind the Scenes.*]

The King and Court approach : They must not find
This unbecoming Lethargy about me.



SCENE V.

*The King, Villeroy, Rosny, and
other Courtiers.*

[*The King and Villeroy as talking together.*]

King. **B**OTH fled Post speed from *Paris* ! By my Crown,
If yet thro' ev'ry Station I have born,
Or in the Council-Chamber, or the Camp,
My Soul may make this Boast, To have ever stood
Above the weak Assaults of a Surprize ;
As freely will I own, This News, *Villeroy*,
Bore down my Guard, broke on me with a Shock
As strong as unexpected.

Vill. 'Tis indeed
The Cause of general Wonder, whence they took
This sudden strange Resolve, nor left behind
Their Grievances, or Reason for their Flight.

King.

HENRY IV. of France. 47

King. From this was our Surprise ; for know, *Villeroy*,
That common Notion in the World, call'd Fear,
That Curse of Villains, Hypocrites, and Slaves,
Henry disdains to be acquainted with.

If, as it seems, they're false, and dare revolt
From their Allegiance to my Crown and Me,
I know the Pow'r and Duty of a King,
And dare chastize the Treason and the Traitor.
Have you no Notice of the Rout they took ?

Vill. None in the least as yet.

King. I do suppose
That their Intents are (for they must be ill)
To spirit up the *Hugonots* to Arms :
Send out for sure Intelligence ; till then
Our Measures of Pursuit must be deferr'd.

Vend. Should they but make, (as Heav'n forefend
they should)

The least Attempt against their Country's Peace,
Your Majesty stands safe, Your Coffers full,
A strong and loyal Army at Command,
To check Rebellion in its Infant Rise :
They only sink their Party and themselves:

King. *Vendosme*, I tell thee, That I rather grieve,
That they should forfeit their Allegiance thus,
Than with the least alarm from their Designs.
When Justice arms our Cause, to doubt Success,
Is to distrust that Providence, that holds
The Balance of the World, and weighs Events
In golden Equity's unerring Scales.

But why ? why now, my Schemes when almost ripe,
My Levies full, and general Treaties form'd,
With half the leagu'd World's confederate Arms,
To propagate the Christian Cause, and lop
The vast Expanse of Pow'r, the o'er-grown Bulk
Of the incroaching *Ottoman* : Why now
Must I decline the Enterprize, against
My own unnatural Subjects turn my Force ?

These

These are thy Toils, O Pow'r ! and these the Cares
That reach the Monarch, and embitter Empire.
My Friends retire ; thus ruffled, thus fatigu'd,
My Mind requires a while to be alone.

[*The Courtiers go out.*]

King, solus.

King. Said I Alone ? Alone I cannot be ;
My busie Thoughts, that hurry up and down,
And travel thro' Varieties of Woe,
Are Company too much. I am a King !
I know it well ! no fuller Proof I need,
Than the superior Burthen that's assign'd me.
Two Factions discontented with my Reign,
Both *Hugonots* and *Catholicks* my Foes.
But see ! support me, Ever-watchful Powers,
That make the Guardianship of Kings Your Care !
A far more dreaded Foe to *Henry's* Peace,
Than *Catholick*, or *Hugonot*, comes here.

Enter Charlotta.

Cha. Your Pardon, gracious Monarch ! for a Wretch,
That dares this un-allow'd Intrusion here :
Nor had I now presum'd it, but my Griefs,
Such Griefs as have a Privilege to Boldness,
To Orders deaf, or by Respect unaw'd,
Oblig'd me to the melancholy Duty,
To open to Your Soul a Scene of Woe,
(Wretch that I am, so long to have conceal'd it !)
That equally concerns Your Self as me.
O that my falt'ring Tongue might be excus'd
Th' ungrateful Subject, and my Tears unfold
In dumb expressive Eloquence, my Heart !

King. Now by my Love, this Prelude of thy Tale,
Has quite unstring'd my Nerves of Resolution ;

Un-

Unconscious of ought Ill, I shudder yet
 With Apprehension from I know not what.
 But rid me of this Misery of Doubt,
 And if I must be tortur'd, let it be
 From certain Dangers, and a real Cause.

Char. Then look upon *Charlotta*, know from her
 The threatening Danger points at *Henry's* Head.

King. From her already have I suffer'd all
 The fatal Insults of a cruel Beauty ;
 My sharpest Agonies of prostrate Love,
 My Vows, my Proffers, Promises, and Prayers,
 Repuls'd with Pride, and thwarted with Disdain :
 And are there, barb'rous Fair ! more Tortures still
 To plague this Royal Wretch, this Love-sick King ?

Ch. Why, cruel Fate ! and thou, more cruel King !
 Why did You first pursue this lawless Flame ?
 Why form such Vows, or press such loose Desires,
 Which conscious to Your self, it stood not just
 For Virtue to receive, or me to hear !
 Attend the sad Events ; — *Charlotta* comes
 A mournful Herald of the threatned Vengeance.
 Why did You seek to alienate my Heart,
 And meanly plot on her that was Another's ?
 What have my Grievs discover'd ? and to whom ?
 Upon my Knees I ask Your Royal Pardon :
 Forgive the Heat of this ill-manner'd Frenzy ;
 I am the only Guilty, I, who heard
 Your Vows with too, too gentle a Repulse !
 I am the Trait'ress, who foresaw the Fate
 Your furious Passion drove on, yet was slow
 To warn You timely of the hidden Shelve.
 On me, Ye Pow'rs ! Your gather'd Vengeance fall !
 As was the Crime, the Punishment be mine !

K. Still dost thou lead me thro' a Maze of Doubt,
 My Passions all alarm'd, and Thoughts as dark
 As the benighted Traveller's, whose Mind
 Strays into Horrors, and starts back from Shadows.

H

Thou

Thou hast indeed prepar'd me for the worst
 That Fate can menace, or thy Grievs forebode.
 Solve me this Knot, and utter forth thy Soul:
 Yet is there one unhappy Article,
 I would advise thee friendly to omit:
 Sure, or my Apprehension ran too far,
 And brought me false Reports, thou saidst, *Charlotta*,
 But pray unsay that part, — thou wert Another's.

Char. It is so true, that to deny it now,
 Would be but basely to deceive You on:
 It is as true, as that *Charlotta's* doom'd
 The most abandon'd, miserable Woman,
 That ever yet was sentenc'd, barter'd, sold
 To an unequal Match, and hated Bed:
 As true, as that the Prince of *Conde* is — (News!

King. Whirlwinds and Thunder drown thy direful

Ch. That fiery, vengeful, surly, jealous — Husband,
 Who grown suspicious on our Wedding-Day,
 Lay lurking for Intelligence, and mark'd,
 With a severe Construction, when You last
 Came to enhance our mutual Miseries,
 And sigh forth Your unhappy, fatal Passion.
 To him, by my stern Father's dire Command,
 Was I oblig'd to yield my Virgin Hand;
 And thus am I requited! He it is,
 That threatens Desolation and Revenge.

K. Distraction! this was that one dang'rous Secret,
 That my distrustful Thoughts declin'd to search.

Char. Hah! does a Monarch tremble! Well may I,
 A poor defenceless Woman, give a Loose
 To every rising Break of frantick Horror.
 Thus given up to Scandal's busie Tongue,
 Unjust Reflections, or malicious Pity,
 My Virtue murther'd, and my Honour stab'd;
 Are They then lost, and shall My Self survive?
 No! 'tis a Thought below my Sex, or Me;
 I scorn to live disgrac'd, and dare be free;

Rather

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Rather to other Worlds for Refuge go,
That Aid, I found not here, to seek below :
Let all their thousand several Tortures glare,
'Twill be a Variation of Despair,
And can't exceed my own ; — I'll venture there. }
[Exit Charl.]

The King, solus.

King. If, as Philosophy lays down the Maxim,
The real Greatness of a human Soul,
Must, e'er its Value's known, be try'd like Gold,
Purg'd of its Dross, prov'd Standard by the Furnace
Of deep Afflictions, and refin'd by Fire ;
Who can support the Trial ? He who dares,
(Spite of these rigid Rules of learned Dotage)
Throws of his Being, and is more than Man.
The Prince of *Conde* ! — Sink, Heart-racking Subject !
That Name has rais'd a Wild-fire in my Breast,
And set me on a Blaze ; reviv'd such Thoughts,
As I would give my Empire to elude.

*Before mistaken Pride let Glories fly ;
Let Splendors glitter to the flatter'd Eye ;
Let, with a greedy Hand, the Wretch in State
Grasp the false Bounties of delusive Fate ;
Survey, with brutal Joy, or wanton Ease,
The Spoils of War, or Luxuries of Peace.
He, he is blest, (O were that Blessing here !)
Whose Thoughts are one pure Calm, and Conscience clear.
Unclogg'd, he soars above the Reach of Woe,
And looks with Pity on the World below.*

[Exit.]

The End of the FOURTH ACT.



H 2

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

The King and Villeroy.

King. **I**S it confirm'd yet, that the flying Peers
Took diff'rent Routs?

Vill. There is a Rumour, Sir,
The Prince of *Conde* is to *Brussels* fled,
Bouillon to his Castle of *Sedan*.

King. *Villeroy*, I well remember, to thy Praise,
These Twenty Years hast thou stood faithful by,
And kept thro' every Scene of Royal Life,
Both in his publick and his private State,
A bold, a Critick's Eye upon thy Prince:
A stern Remarker of my several Passions,
The Virtues, or the Frailties of my Soul:
Then, with a Boldness worthy of thy self,
Tell me thy present Thoughts on our Affairs;
Say, Will a Monarch's Dignity allow
To treat with Rebel Subjects, or propose
My Pardon to the Fugitives, on Terms
Of true Submission, and a quick Return?
Or, shall I let the Sword of Vengeance loose?
Which shall I shew, my Justice, or my Mercy?

Vill. His Passions labour as my Soul could wish;
His Danger makes him look upon his Error
With true Reflection, and with Reason's Eye.
Now, *Villeroy*, now improve the happy Minute,
At once to serve thy Prince, and serve thy Friend.
But I must search him deeper, deeper yet, (Sir,
To work him to his Good [*Aside*]. What, Royal
You

You thus demand, 'tis dangerous to obey;
 I would presume — but what can I advise?
 The Grounds of their Revolt as yet unknown;
 Be that demanded; then, if ought appears
 Worthy Your Mercy, be Your Mercy shewn.
 But if (but who would dare suppose the worst?)
 They meet the Royal Summons with Disdain,
 Then Justice is the Mercy You must use,
 And awe them back by Force to their Allegiance.

King. Daggers and Hell! must I again revolve
 The cursed, cursed Cause that drove them hence?
 The Grounds of *Conde's* Flight are known too well.

Vill. Hah! is he come to this! I like it much. [*Aside.*

King. To me, *Villeroy*, they rise in ghastlier Shapes,
 Than form'd the Horrors of *Medusa's* Head,
 Frightful to Sight, and terrible to Thought.
 But why these Tortures for a Crime unacted,
 A self-revenging Crime, and only plac'd
 In fruitless Wishes, unappeas'd Desires?
 I lov'd; was Love a Crime? I love her still,
 And must, so stubborn are my Passions there,
 Were Honour, Life, and Empire all at Stake.
 Why was *Charlotta* doom'd for *Conde's* Bed?
 Why were they marry'd? or, when marry'd, then,
 Why was the Secret kept from me alone?

Vill. Let him go on, and give the Frenzy way,
 Drive thro' these Billows of tumultuous Thought;
 These Strugglings, if my Soul divines aright,
 Foretell a calm and fortunate Result. [*Aside.*

King. Then shall I condescend? a Monarch stoop
 To such inglorious Terms as are prescrib'd me?
 Enrich a Subject, and undo my self?
 Compound and barter for the publick Peace
 My own more valu'd private Peace within?
 It would indeed be generously cruel.
 What then shall *Henry*, He, who never yet
 Gave way to Terror, or shrunk back from Danger,
 The

The hottest Rage of desp'rate Fight, the Noise
Of charging Squadrons, or the Groans of Death,
And all the loud Artillery of War ;
Now shall he fear to do a daring Good,
A Justice to a Subject and Himself ?

Vill. I pity him indeed ! Sure, sure, at last
His Nobleness of Temper will prevail,
Surmount the slavish Toil, and set him free. [*Aside.*

King. Since thus upon a Precipice I stand,
Why do I pause, as doubting which to chuse,
Or headlong plunge, or make a safe Retreat ?
— 'Tis done at last ; I am my Self once more !

Villeroy, be quick, and execute my Orders,
By Proclamation call the Nobles back ;
The Prince's Pardon's sign'd ; in that besides,
(I judge he fled in Friendship to the Prince)
Include *Bouillon* : Soon as they return,
All Difference shall be heard, and reconcil'd.

Vill. With all the honest Heart-exulting Joy,
That Loyalty or Friendship can impart,
I haste to execute the pleasing Orders.

[*Exit Villeroy.*

Enter Le Brosse.

King. Hah ! who is this, that with officious Boldness,
Thus breaks upon the Privacy of Kings ?

Le Brosse. Let not thy Anger thus unjustly rise
On thy most loyal Slave ; on one, Oh King !
Who bears such Business as imports thee much :
Was Royal *Henry* anxious for his Good,
Would he attend this Warning of his Fate,
One who has now a stronger Title here,
Than any Fav'rite Statesman in thy Court. (plain ;

King. Thou talk'st in Riddles, make thy Meaning
If thou bear'st aught of Moment to the King,
Thou hast the King's Command to speak it out.

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Le Brosse. Then hear what thus thro' me profoundly
In Nature's Secrets, and the Book of Fate, (read
Taught by an early Converse with the Stars,
To see into Futurity, and judge
The distant Destiny of Things unborn,
And Things mature for Action, good or ill;
By Inspiration prompted from above,
By my own watchful Zeal, and boding Heart,
Thy Guardian Genius bids thee well beware,
With cautious Thankfulness, and full Belief.
Doubt me not, Monarch; for on this depends
Thy Safety, or thy Fall; thy Life, or Death;
Nought less this Evening, as the Stars forebode,
Is busy Fate at work to bring about;
Dang'rousthy Foes, and bloody their Designs.
Again I charge thee, Trust the sad Prediction:
Thou fall'st beneath the Stroke; unless thy now
Foreknowledge baffle, and thy Care avert it.

King. And am I then, Ye Pow'rs, reduc'd so low,
To suffer, unchastis'd, the busy Dotage
Of every dreaming, prophesying Fool,
To pry into my Destiny, and search
The Planets for Intelligence of State?
Thou Dotard, these Chimæras of mad Brains,
These proper Subjects to employ a King?
Hence with thy insolent Pretensions, hence;
Those Stars that blabb'd the Secrets of my Fate,
Go false, or they had sav'd thy Trouble here;
They should have then inform'd thee, 'twas in vain
To try thy Wizard Art on *Henry's* Mind;
Thou talk'st of Dangers, Enemies and Plots,
Would'st thou not have me think thee an Accomplice,
Thus set at Work to fright me from my self,
Corrupt my Nature, and unman my Soul,
To fall the easier Victim to your Treasons?
Leave me, I say, and plot, or doat, elsewhere.

Le Brosse. I go, since You command, but O my
 'Tis with a heavy, a reluctant Heart, (Prince,
 To find my honest Zeal misunderstood,
 My Knowledge slighted, and my Counsels spurn'd.
 Thy daring Greatness hurries thee too far,
 And blinds thee to thy Danger. Oh! that Dagger
 That aims its Point at thee, and in thee stabs
 The Heart, the Lustre, and the Nerves of *France*!
 I see too plain (may once my Science err)
 The sad Event must prove, but then too late,
 The Truth of my Predictions and thy Fate.

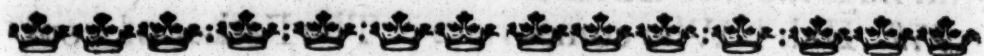
[*Exit Le Brosse.*]

King. Let them be true or false, 'tis a Disgrace
 To aught that bears the Image of a Man,
 Idly to run to Oracles, in Search
 Of that which of Necessity must be.
 What will it aid to know the Minute when?
 Death, like a Giant, traversing the Globe,
 One Time or other's sure to sweep off all.
 The truly Great should scorn to live in Dread,
 Let this Day, or the next, the Summons come.

*If I at length have run my destin'd Race,
 And some young springing Heir demands my Place,
 Let Death come on; he shall not triumph here,
 That he who makes me yield, can make me fear.
 Unshock'd I'll bear this last unequal Strife,
 Nor dying, cast a Blemish on my Life.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE



SCENE II.

Villeroy, *Prince of Conde*, Bouillon.

Vill. **T**H Y Jealousies were rash, and grounded ill,
 Imaginary Injuries ; the King's
 Unhappy Passion wrong'd himself, not Thee.
 Embrace the gracious Pardon, Nobles both,
 Whilst Mercy stretches forth her peaceful Hand,
 Be reconcil'd to Loyalty again. (Court ;

Bou. That's our Resolve, our Business now at
 Stung with Remorse, by Duty summon'd back,
 E'er yet our Rashness reach'd its purpos'd End,
 We came, with all the Wings of conscious Guilt,
 To throw our selves both Suppliants at the Throne.

Vill. And you will find a Father for a Judge,
 Tender to hear, and easy to forgive :
 Believe me, Sirs, you will.

Prince. Believe thee, *Villeroy* ?
 Can't thou then think that we are sunk so deep
 In Guilt's dark Gulph, so fetter'd with Despair,
 As not to dare look up, to dare believe
 There is a Heav'n for Penitence reserv'd ?
 My Wife is guiltless ; and my King forgives
 The rash Suspicions of a tainted Brain ;
 This is my Heav'n : Oh ! aid me to support
 The swelling Flood of Bliss that breaks upon me !
Charlotta, my suspected, injur'd Wife,
 With added Lustre, and diviner Charms,
 White as on starry Nights, the feather'd Snow,
 And splendent as at Noon, the Orb of Day ;
 With all the Softness of a pitying Maid,
 Invites the Rebel Husband to her Arms,

I

And

And hugs me into Extasies of Love.

(Wife.

Vill. Hah ! Who comes here ? The Father of your
Prince. O curs'd Return of Horror, Guilt, and Shame !
 What ! *Montmorency* ? hide me, hide me, *Villeroy* ;
 Gape quickly Earth, and screen me from his Sight.
 My Crime, like Lightning, flashes in my Face,
 And makes me less than Man : I shake with Doubt,
 And throw spontaneous Tortures on my self.

Enter Count Montmorency.

Mont. Hah ! Dost thou tremble only at my Sight ?
 Then think, thou monstrous Cause of all my Horrors,
 Those Horrors that my Grievs have now prepar'd
 To lay before thy Eyes in blackest Pomp,
 To damn thy Baseness, and confront thy Guilt :
 How will thy Soul support the shocking Charge,
 That calls for Justice on thee, Ruffian Lord,
 Thou Ruin of my Daughter and my House !
 Thou Murtherer, thou Pois'ner of thy Wife !
 Nay, thou shalt more than hear it ; thy own Eyes
 Shall justify the Truth, and to thy Soul
 Report the Crime that damns it o'er and o'er.

Prince. Forbear in Words to aggravate my Sin,
 But lead me where the dreadful Scene may glare
 Full in my Face, and witness your Report.
 If true, by all my Guilt, I, on my self
 Will execute what Justice you demand.

[*Exeunt.*

[*The Scene changes, and discovers Charlotta dead,
 her Women mourning over her. Montmorency,
 Prince of Conde, Villeroy, Bouillon, Re-enter.
 Montmorency pointing to the dead Body.*]

There, there, with all the sharpest Self-Reproach,
 That conscious Guilt can raise, or this extort,

Survey

Survey the Havock (recent Act of Woe!)
This villainous Fiend Jealousy has wrought.
There look thy self to Madness; but, alas!
The Sight is too, too terrible for me.

[Exit Montmorency.]

Prince. If possible, I'll stare away my Soul;

[Staring ghastfully upon the dead Body.]

My black, self-lashing, self-corroding Soul.
No, I will take a nobler, speedier Way,
Thou much abus'd, thou falsely blacken'd Whiteness;
Thou crying Victim to a Villain's Guilt,
To do thee Justice on thy Traytor Husband.

[Draws his Sword, and offers to stab himself.]

Vill. Art thou a Man? forego this Start of Madness,

[Villeroy prevents him.]

Enough of Slaughter is already here;
One Crime can never be aton'd by more:
Calm Thought, and Reason, set thee right again.

Prince. Why dost thou form a Wish so much unkind?

Calmness of Thought, and Reason, come to me!

The Two severest Enemies of Guilt,
The dreaded sure Returns of constant Pain.

Thinking is Hell, and Reason is a Glass,
That makes me, trembling, startle from my self,
By seeing my Deformity too plain;

Each Blot, each Stain, and Wrinkle of the Soul.

Oh! Villeroy! Oh! Bouillon! would you wish
To see me happy? wish me ever mad.

My injur'd Monarch, and my murder'd Wife;

There, as she lies, dire Sight! upbraiding me,

Stiff in the icy Arms of envious Death,

Are Scenes too dark for Reason to survey.

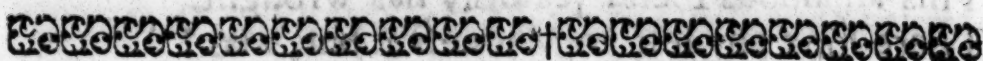
Come whip me, rack me, use me as you please,

As Justice dooms it, and my Crimes deserve.

Unshock'd, all outward Punishments I'll bear,

Let me escape the sharper Tortures here.

[Exeunt.]



SCENE III.

The Nuntio.

THIS Change so sudden, and so ill foreseen,
 The Rebel Peers recall'd, and King appeas'd,
 Almost o'ershoots my Politicks, and mars
 The deep concerted Measures of our Cause,
 Just ripe for Execution : Curs'd, curs'd Turn !
 What Means can now retrieve it ? None but this ;
 We must dispatch this Minute, on our Foes
 Or fire the Train, or be blown up our selves.
 Startled at this damn'd Counterplot of Fate,
 I bad *Ravilliac* should attend me here ;
 And see, the desp'rate Youth obeys me well.
 I need but give the Word, the Work is done.

Enter Ravilliac.

Ravil. Your Eminency's Orders I attend.

Nunt. *Ravilliac*, as our Church has mark'd thee
 Deputed thee the Glory of her great (out,
 Revenger, and the Strength'ner of her Faith ;
 Nay, we her rev'rend miter'd Sons have heard
 And witness'd to thy Vows ; which unperform'd
 Plunge to a certain Hell thy perjur'd Fear.
 If done (as who shall dare distrust thee now ?)
 Procure thee Absolution, Fame, and Heav'n.
 I need not ask thee, Whether now prepar'd ?
 (For Souls like thine disdain a Coward Pause)
 This Minute to discharge thy sacred Oath, (Place.
 And strike this Poniard home — Thou know'st the
 [Giving him a Dagger.
Ravil.

Ravil. In *Henry's* Heart.

Nunt. Enough ; let it be done ;
 And fear not for thy self : And, above All,
 Stand firm ; let neither Promises, nor Threats,
 Extort a mean Confession who employ'd
 Thy righteous Arm, and prompted the just Blow ;
 That will undo the Labour of thy Hands,
 And mar the Merit of the pious Deed.
 This Ev'ning, as he goes to publick Vespers,
 Join with th' encircling Crowd, and strike him there.
 But once again, I caution thee, be secret ;
 Look on the hissing Flames, or threatening Wheel,
 As on the Tracks to Glory and Reward :
 Quit, with a Martyr's Pride, this meaner World,
 And trust thy Merits in the next to Me.

Ravil. Nor doubt me, nor detain me longer here,
 I pant to be Immortal ! Here's the Means :

[*Holding out the Dagger.*

This shall my Arm launch forth with sure Success,
 Or reach the Tyrant's Heart, or pierce my own.

[*Exit Ravilliac.*

Nunt. This Bigot Boy, this Necessary Tool,
 Has rouz'd me once again with Glorious Hopes,
 To see my Mines spring well, my self secure.
 The Deed once done, I will my self appear
 First in the Bustle, loudest in my Griefs,
 And, if demanded, give my foremost Voice
 For instant Justice on th' Affassin's Guilt.

A double Policy is answer'd there :
 Success is purchas'd cheaply with the Ruin
 Of one Religious Lunatick. Now, Fate
 To work ; be quick and bloody as thou wilt !
 But some few Minutes pass, and, lo ! again
 Our Church shall triumph, and our Order reign.

[*Exit Nuntio.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Bouillon and Vendosme.

Bou. **T**O Court return'd, and pardon'd by my King,
 Deign'st thou to hear it, gen'rous, injur'd
 Would'st thou receive this Fugitive again? (Friend?
Vendosme, to thee my Penitence is due.
 The lovely fatal Cause, that urg'd me on
 To break the Union of cemented Hearts,
 Forfeit my Vows, and violate my Faith,
 Shall be the Means to join us one again.
 Where I most wrong'd, I'll make Atonement there:
 And didst thou ever feel the Force of Love,
 In all the furious Violence of Wishing,
 Passions awake, and restless Night and Day;
 Thou must conclude it ample Justice done,
 To curb a burning Heart, and bid thee now
 Be bless'd unrivall'd in *Louisa's* Love.

Vend. *Bouillon*, now be cancell'd all that's past;
 Like social Rivers, sever'd by a Storm,
 We re-unite one Kindred-Stream again.
 This great Concession has enrich'd me so,
 My Heart knows scarcely which to value most,
 The Giver, or the Gift. I wo't wrong thee,
 But with a lavish Gratitude repay
 A Proof of Generosity like this.

[*The Trumpets sound.*]

Bou. These Trumpets speak our Monarch's near
 Approach.

[*The*

HENRY IV. of France.

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[*The King, Villeroy, Rosny, and Guards, as crossing the Stage. Ravilliac among the Throng, presses forwards to the King, with a Paper in his Hand; Villeroy speaking to him.*

Vill. Why dost thou press thus?

Ravil. On a Subject's Right,
To offer my Petition to the King. (Redress.

King. Come forth, and let thy Grievance have

Ravil. Thus, Tyrant, I redress my Grievance here.

[*He stabs the King.*

King. Hah, Ruffian! — Thou hast play'd thy Part
Inglorious Destiny! — But I submit. (too well.

Life fleets away apace! its Sluices drain'd!

Le Brosse predicted true, and *Henry* falls!

[*The King dies.*

[*The Guards going to kill Ravilliac, Vendosme forbids 'em.*

Vend. Forbear you Swords, a Punishment too mild,
Reserve him for the Rigour of the Law,
For studied Deaths, and meditated Tortures.

O bleeding Piece of butcher'd Majesty!

Who has a Heart, but that curs'd Regicide,
That can survey thy Wounds, and not partake them?

My Father, and my King! — *Villeroy, Rosny,*

Why do you stand thus nail'd with Horror there?

Come here, fall prostrate on the Royal Coarse,
And pay your breathless Monarch Tears for Blood,
The poor Devotion you can offer now.

Rosny. Why, *Vendosme*, dost thou vainly bid us move?

Have we or Life, or Soul, or Motion left,
When He, the Blood and Spirit of us All,
Lies there a Lump of Earth, deserted Clay?

O poor forsaken Country! Naked *France*!

Who now shall be thy Fence to gird thee round?

Who now survives to lead thy Armies forth,
To fight thy Battles, and maintain thy Glories?

To hoard thy lavish Sweets of fruitful Peace?

Thy

Thy Monarch, Husband, Father, Leader dead!

Vill. Surprize & Horror have choak'd up my Words,
But Oh! what Words! what Utterance of Grief,
Whilst thou, O bleeding Majesty, ly'st there,
Can equal half thy Wounds, and our Despair?

Bouil. to *Ravil.*] Thou Monster! thou Young Villain!
canst thou view

The Dev'lish Scene that thou hast acted here,
And not shrink back with Frenzy at the Thought
Of all those dire Varieties of Death,
Those Tortures, that shall wring from thee the Truth,
From whence this Hellish Resolution grew?

Ravil. Thy Tortures threaten, like thy self, in vain;
I dare confess, and glory in the Deed:
Our Church had damn'd the Heretick; our Church
Deputed me to push her Sentence home.

Vend. What! must Religion colour o'er thy Guilt?
Thou Hypocrite! thou Traitor! — Bear him hence
To Chains and Dungeons, till releas'd by Death.

[*The Guards carry Ravilliac off.*

Bear to the Palace back the Royal Corpse,
In melancholy Pomp, and slow-pac'd Grief;
Whilst we, in publick Council strait conven'd,
Fix the Succession, and th' Affassin's Death.

*And now let Faction's future Rage rebate,
And know, That Henry's Fame survives his Fate:
She can no more pursue her bloody Will;
In every Loyal Heart he triumphs still,
Out-lives his Wounds, commences there again
A longer, surer Life, and happier Reign.*

4 AP 54

F I N I S.



